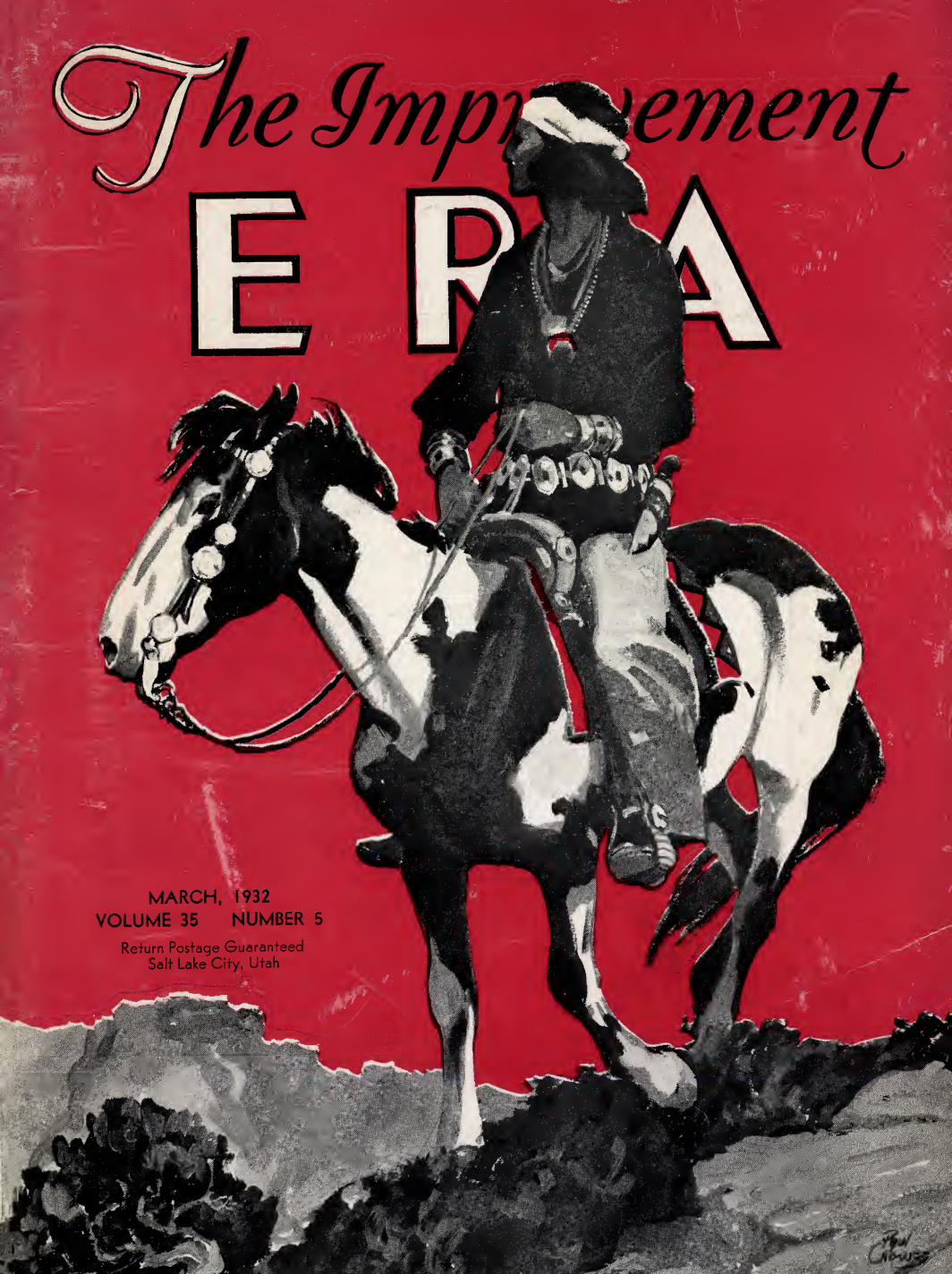
The Improvement Era



MARCH, 1932
VOLUME 35 NUMBER 5

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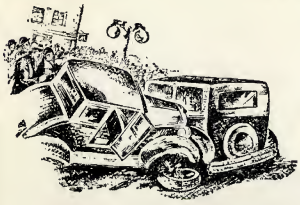

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The Deseret News SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH . . .

The Improvement ERA

Vol. 35, No. 5 MARCH, 1932

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

FORECAST

IMMORTALITY, A VENTURE OF FAITH," by Dr. Parley A. Christenson, will appear in the April number of the *Improvement Era*. This article, beautifully written and carefully presented in a scholarly manner will be worthy the attention of all members of the Church as well as of those who do not belong to any Church.

ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, will be presented by President Bryant S. Hinckley in the series, Greatness in Men.

FICTION for April will be headed by a new serial by Carla Wolfe, "Godmother," one of the best stories ever submitted to the "Era". No one can afford to miss the first installment. It will be especially appealing to adults and to sophisticated younger story readers. Other stories for the number are "The Scar," "Nothing Ventured Nothing Gained."

IN addition to the above features there will be the usual assortment of departmental material, poetry, and interesting articles.

THE COVER

THE cover this month is one painted by Paul S. Clowes, well-known western artist. The Navajo was selected as the type for the picture. We hope everybody will like it for our "Indian Number."

For Every Member of the Family

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EDITORIAL

Harrison R. Merrill
Managing Editor

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

Why the Latter-day Saints Went West

THE Latter-day Saints traveled 1,500 miles out into the wilderness and were the first people to establish a settlement in that section of the country (Great Salt Lake Valley). They went there to stay.

They did not go as frontiersmen, as many others had done, trapping and hunting, and because there was something of financial advantage. But they went there because they had to go; because they were driven. And they went, too, because Brigham Young announced that he had seen the Salt Lake Valley in a vision, and that that was the place for the Mormons to locate.

While he was in the mountains, his own brother tried to dissuade him from going. He said in effect, "Brigham, you are taking the people to a place you know not where. We are in the mountains; we are running short of provisions, and I am in favor of your going back to Iowa, Nebraska, or some other place, and locating the people there."

Brigham said, "Lorenzo, it is true that I do not know where we are going; but I shall know the place when I see it."

When he saw it he said, "This is the place!"

* * * * * *

I have seen every building in Salt Lake City, with the exception of some dwellings, erected within my lifetime. I was born where the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution now stands. That was my homestead where I first saw the light of day. I can remember the main street as cabbage patches, tomato patches, and fruit orchards. I have seen the entire growth of that city.

Heber J. Grant

EXTRACTS from a speech delivered at Scottsbluff, Nebraska, in 1929. Here we are brought face to face with the youthfulness of the intermountain West. Its first white settlers built their log cottages only a few years prior to the birth of President Grant. Where its deserts then supported a mere handful of Indians, by means of hard work and unswerving purpose, they have been made to support hundreds of thousands of people.

Americans

LONG before Christopher Columbus, Lief Erickson, or any of the other modern explorers discovered America, these two huge continents, hidden in the midst of an illimitable ocean, were populous. Had not Joseph Smith, through the instrumentality of the Lord, brought forth the Book of Mormon which tells of immigrants who came here in the dim ages of the past, the antiquity of the native Americans would still be certain.

The spade, a significant instrument in the field of history, is constantly testifying to the age of the native American and also to his nobility and the quality of his ancestry. The recent discoveries in Mexico, reported, we are happy to say, by a full-blooded Indian, are of great importance. They declare in no unmistakable language that behind the native Americans whom European explorers found here, there was a civilization of which any ancient people might be proud.

To the Latter-day Saint who has read of the proud ancestry of Lehi, the name, the Noble Redman, sometimes applied with curling lip to the Indian, is most fitting. To them he is a son of promise upon whose head great blessings have been pronounced. He is no outcast. He may have been prodigal, but he is legitimate, and will inherit.

Europeans who first came to these shores were impressed with the native dignity and proud bearing of all Americans. They recognized that these men with copper-colored skin, though unacquainted with the ways of whitemen, in their own realm were great men.

Cyrus E. Dallin, famous Utah sculptor, has caught the spirit of the race in his great figure of Massasoit which stands in the rotunda of the Utah State Capitol. No one can look into that face with its poetic lines without knowing that Mr. Dallin, who must have known Indians well in his youth, has caught the spirit of a truly great people.

Frank B. Linderman, in telling the story of Plenty-coups, Chief of the Crows, refers to several matters which indicate this nobility of birth; among them is this bit: "Why are such cures not practiced today," was a question Mr. Linderman says he frequently put to Indians regarding the miracles of healing about which old men spoke. "Plenty-coups said, 'Such things were done long ago by good men who were wise. Nobody now understands what our Wise Ones knew before the white man came to change this world. Our children learn nothing from us, and, watching the young whites, have no religion. I hope, if they cannot find and hold firmly to our old beliefs, that they will learn the religion the white man teaches and cling fast to it, because all men must have a religion, if they would live.' "

Those are the thoughts of a great man.

Here is another touch that is revealing. Mr. Linderman says: "Near Pryor I met Chief Bell-rock, who

is eighty-five, and alert in both mind and body. He leaned far from his pony to shake my hand and tell me that his heart sang because of our meeting. 'I shall not see many more snows,' he said, his kindly face almost happy. I experienced the feeling that always comes to me when an old warrior speaks of leaving this life, that Bell-rock believed he had lived here wisely and well, and that plentiful reward awaited him beyond. There is never any shadow of doubt in these expressions by old Indians concerning death and a future life. They do not merely imply belief, but carry the positive declaration, 'I know!' "

Mr. Linderman's story as well as almost any other written by a sympathetic person, pays unconscious tribute to the real American. There is something about him that makes him appear to be of big calibre.

To the native, the real American, the Indian whose life was intertwined with that of the Mormon people but which remained separate, this issue of the *Improvement Era* is dedicated. May all of his promised blessings be realized.

Note: Quotations were taken from the book, "American," a life story of a great Indian, by Frank B. Linderman.

Body, Mind and Spirit—Triune Eternal

IN the name of our God, we set up our banners! Each year the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints send forth a statement of faith. It is a banner of belief, set high for all to see—a slogan to help them in their efforts to realize their ideals and put them into their daily lives.

"We stand for Physical, Mental and Spiritual Health through Observance of the Word of Wisdom," is the slogan for the present season; and in those few words is given a recipe for abundant life and a fulness of happiness.

What is the Word of Wisdom, through which we declare our determination to find health of body and mind and soul? A few rules to govern the temporal welfare of all who are called saints; a formula for sanity and peace, having the inescapable force of inspiration. Years before health and hygiene advisers were declaring against tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor generally; before manufacturers were advertising the benefits of their fruit, vegetable and grain products, a young man, clear of eye and of brain, was given to know that certain things were conducive to health and that others were not. And the message bore the stamp of authority, for it was given by the Maker of both the foods and those who would partake of them. Accepted by the Church as more than simple words of counsel, the laws were adopted as an official part of "Mormonism," and through observance Latter-day Saints expressed their sincerity. Several generations have passed since the revelation first was given; children have grown up and become parents of children who have grown old. But still the importance of the Word of Wisdom is recognized by members of the Church, and is being strengthened by the scientific facts which are given out by experts engaged in research and experimentation. "We Stand for Physical, Mental and Spiritual Health through Observance of the Word of Wisdom." What more can life offer than health along the three lines specified?

Physical health refers to the condition of the body. Nobody disputes the statement that the kind of fuel used in an engine determines the efficiency of the machine. Equally self-evident is the assertion that the food one eats affects the entire body for good or ill. To eat rich foods, flesh of beasts and fowls in too great measure, unbalanced diets of too highly refined products and not enough natural vegetable food is to bring on certain irregularities in digestion with inevitably unfortunate results. Sluggish body processes; lack of vitality and energy, unsatisfactory digestion are causes contributing to a generally unhealthy condition. To stimulate nerves with drugs; to create within oneself the craving for tobacco and alcohol is to lower the normal power of well-being.

Food, drink, rest in proper kinds and amounts create a desire for activity and exercise, and in these is to be found physical health. If one wishes to go so far as to include the financial aspect of physical life, one can see immediately that the Word of Wisdom is a safe guide. To save the money one might spend on tobacco, tea, coffee, and liquor and to care for it wisely is to render oneself independent.

Mental health is another name for intelligence, which we know to be God's glory. Poise, clarity of vision, alertness to grasp problems and to see possibilities of solution, ability to understand and appreciate the literature and art of the world, openness of mind to accept new truths; balance of mind to retain old ones; discrimination; sanity—all are parts of mental health. And only through willingness to leave alone the things which cloud faculties, blur vision, distort truth and caricature beauty can one achieve the power of mental health.

Spiritual health is the greatest health of all, for without it, the health of body and of mind is purposeless, impotent, wasted. Harmony with the voice of authority; obedience to the laws of the land and of God; the self-respect which comes as a result of loving ones' fellow-men; all these combine to create spiritual health; and the observance of the Word of Wisdom puts one in an attitude which builds spiritual health.

Physical health can be impaired through the breaking of physical laws; it can be increased through obedience to such laws; and the Lord has said that those who do obey them shall "run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint." Mental health is decreased by allowing the germs of envy, of suspicion, of doubt to enter and hold sway; but the Lord has promised that all "who remember to keep and do these sayings" shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge.

Spiritual health disintegrates through disobedience. Living the commandments of the Lord and the amendments to the constitution makes for spiritual health; mental and physical health supply the power to live in such a way as to insure health of the spirit.

With one voice the 100,000 members of the Mutual Improvement Associations send their call out onto the wings of the air, where it can travel, unhindered and unchallenged, the world around for all to hear and believe. They stand for physical, mental and spiritual strength through observance of the Word of Wisdom!—*E. T. B.*

Photograph by Albert Wilkes
Courtesy Utah Photo Materials Co.

An Old Indian

This centenarian was in or near Emigration Canyon when the Pioneers of 1847 entered Great Salt Lake Valley, according to a statement he made to Mr. Wilkes. He declared that some of the "squaws" had sore feet and limped as they came along.

The photograph, one of the best Indian studies ever made in Utah, was taken thirty-five years ago on the upper Provo. The veteran Indian fell in a fire soon afterward and was burned to death. His name Mr. Wilkes does not remember, but is of the opinion that residents along the Provo River will remember him.

A Delightsome People

By

C. Frank Steele

Indian Family

Here is a remarkable story which has been told and vouched for by many reliable men and women of Canada and the United States. Mr. Steele is an editor of a newspaper in Canada and is well acquainted with the situation he describes.

"And then shall they rejoice; for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God; and their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes: and many generations shall not pass away among them save they shall be a white and delightsome people."—II Nephi 30:6.

IT happened in Cardston, Alberta, this incident which brought home to me the transformation that is taking place among our native races, those remnants of Father Lehi's family who have claim upon the foregoing prophetic promise.

I had inspected the new Blood Indian hospital on the reservation near Cardston and all but beneath the shadow of the Great White Temple. This government hospital with its wide corridors, spacious wards, well equipped operating rooms, dainty children's nursery, attractive maternity ward and other modern features proved a revelation and delight.

Indian Plowing Outfit Blood Reserve, Alberta.

Here was a striking illustration of white man's culture brought to a savage people and its effects in uprooting disease, blessing native mothers, reducing infant mortality, and contributing to the gradual increase in numbers of a race formerly slowly dying out. Moreover, this splendid hospitalization service reflected the humane and statesmanlike policy of both the Canadian and American governments in dealing with the Indian problem, a program of education and instruction in industry and homecraft which is fast lifting the Indian to a higher cultural plane.

THE Bloods—and other Indians, I am sure, are becoming a "white and delightsome people" as the Book of Mormon foretells. Especially are the children of the present generation of Bloods taking on an extraordinarily fair color as the picture of the Indian child accompanying this article reveals. This young Indian, his wife, and child have enjoyed the benefits of this new Indian training. The child's parents are graduates of the Indian school; the child was born under the best of care in the Indian hospital; the family lives in a comfortable cottage and daily come under the influence of Christian morals and religion.

The Blood Indian tribe which comes into the closest contact with the Latter-day Saints in Canada were members of that powerful "League of Nations" known as the Blackfeet Confederacy. The tribes making up this great alliance—Bloods, Piegans and Sarcees—occupied that wide expanse of prairie and foothill country between the Red Deer river in Alberta and the Missouri river.

The traditions of these tribesmen are fascinating. Long years ago when their forefathers settled along the sources of the Missouri and Saskatchewan rivers

a chief had three sons—Kanna, the Blood; a second, Piegan; and a third who was nameless.

One day the old chief took from the fire that was burning near his winter lodge a piece of half-burnt stick. Wetting the stick he rubbed it on the feet of his nameless son, the young man's feet soon becoming blackened by the charcoal. With this ceremony the father named his third son Satsquea or Blackfeet. Thus from these three sons—how frequently is the number "three" found in Indian mythology—came the three leading Southern Alberta Indian tribes composing the Blackfeet Confederacy, considered equal to the warlike Sioux who, in their golden age, numbered between fifty and sixty thousand and dominated the territory from the Black Hills of Dakota to the Rocky Mountains.

THE Bloods were the most fearless and intelligent tribe in the alliance and when the white man came west they provided the Catholic and Protestant missionaries with some of their first converts although they were not easily converted to Christianity. The Roman Catholic and Anglican churches were the pioneers in carrying the Cross to the Bloods and pretty largely have dominated the religious teaching among them. They have operated schools and hospitals, the new hospital at Cardston being conducted by the Order of the Grey Nuns.

It was Sister St. Patrick, matron and Mother Superior of the hospital, who in answer to a question made this significant statement: "I have labored among the Indians of this tribe for twenty-five years and have observed that the children are becoming fairer. This change has become especially noticeable the past few years." She could not say what was effecting this physical change other than the general influence of civilization.

Upper: Threshing the 200,000 bushel crop of wheat.

Center: Indian Father and Child of Blood Reserve, Alberta. Notice the fairness of the child's skin.

Lower: Grain elevators stud the prairie skyline.

IN recent years the Blood Indian agency, the schools, hospital and other institutions have been concentrated at Cardston having been moved by the government from the northern end of the reservation despite strong opposition from various quarters. In this way the Indians have come into close contact with the Latter-day Saints although few have actually joined the church. No missionary work has been done among them nor perhaps would this be advisable right now. The Indians are rapidly approaching the day when the matter of their enfranchisement will become an issue that the government cannot longer logically resist. When they are permitted to exercise the full rights of citizenship they will decide for themselves who shall minister among them. Meanwhile, to start an active missionary campaign would doubtless precipitate a bitter strife. As it is, the lives of our people, their sincere friendship for the Indian, and the silent influence of the temple, are paving the way naturally and soundly for the proclamation at some future time of the fulness of the gospel.

In connection with the Canadian Indians and the restored gos-

(Continued on page 294)

By

Dan V. Stephens

"To my dear friend, Hon. Heber J. Grant, with kindest regards, Oct. 21, 1931."

Giant Cottonwood at St. Thomas.

Photo by H. R. M.

A Tribute *to the* Cottonwoods Of the Plains

Note: The Cottonwood is native to a large portion of America, but it is especially at home in the Great Plains and Deserts of the west half of the Continent, and there it first endeared itself to the pioneer. He never looks upon a cluster of them along some meandering stream as he glides by in Pullman or Motor Car, that memories of the great epoch of the "Settling of the West" do not surge upon him. The continued recognition of the Cottonwood in the daily account of his travels throughout the West by the explorer, General John C. Fremont, led to the naming of the common Cottonwood of the plains in his honor — Populus Fremontii.—*D. V. S.*

O POPULUS FREMONTII! With a feeling of appreciation and gratitude I greet you. For eons of time you have lifted your gray-green, billowy head against the blue sky of the great plains and deserts. You shed your blessings upon the wild creatures of this land before the races of men came to conquer and subdue it. You planted your roots in the watery sands of desert places and along the wandering streams that come out of the mountains. So fixed was your habit that the wild beasts of the land gave dumb recognition to your magic powers. Your spreading branches were to them a symbol of water. Their seemingly aimless trails were found to be unerring paths to water-holes in a land where water was precious beyond price.

Trees grow where there is water, but some will like to think that God planted you at these water holes as a beacon to man and beast that they might not perish from thirst; that he gave you a seed so fine and delicate that it cannot be garnered; that your propagation could not be trusted to the hand of man, but rather, to the wild winds of heaven that carry your seed to water wherever it may be found—in glen and dell and Buffalo wallow.

You are the tree of plain and

(*Continued on page* 268)

Ancient

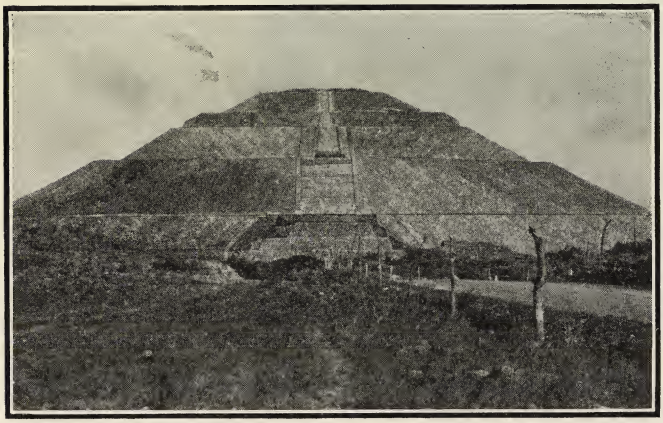
By

Franklin S. Harris

President

of

Brigham Young University



Temple of the Sun
San Juan Teotihuacan

San Juan Teotihuacan

OF all the countries of the world probably none is richer in romance, history, and archæology than our neighbor to the south. From Yucatan to Sonora, Mexico is filled with monuments in stone telling of the rise and fall of civilizations during uncounted centuries before the period which has left its records in the annals of history.

The story of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards makes a romance scarcely equaled in fiction. Cortez and his band of daring *conquistadores* more than 300 years ago found a civilization far in advance of that encountered in other parts of America. The account of his discoveries and the conquests of the peoples with whom he came in contact makes very fascinating reading; however, we are not now concerned with what Cortez found. Instead let us consider the much older civilizations, the records of which were not left in the printed page but only in remnants of cities and palaces built of stone.

Throughout Mexico in the jungles of the hot land, as well as in temperate mountain valleys are remains of great cities representing the civilizations of different peoples extending through many centuries of time. The best known of these important ancient cities, because of its proximity to world trade routes, is San Juan Teotihuacan. I should like to have you go with me on an imaginary trip to this old city.

SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACAN is about twenty-five miles northeast of the City of Mexico beyond the border of old Lake Texcoco which occupied the center of the Valley of Mexico. We might go by train, but it is a little more convenient to take an automobile. Allow me to take the steering wheel and the megaphone.

We go northward from the City

Temple of Quetzalcoatl in the foreground; Temple of the Sun in center distance; Temple of the Moon at the left. San Juan Teotihuacan.

Cities *of* MEXICO

No mere traveler can talk with more authority or understanding about the ancient cities of Mexico than can Franklin Stewart Harris for the reason that he has been around the world, has visited the ancient ruins of many countries, has an unusual educational background, speaks the Spanish language fluently, and in addition is well acquainted with the Book of Mormon. He will write of another of Mèxico's most famous ruins in a future issue.

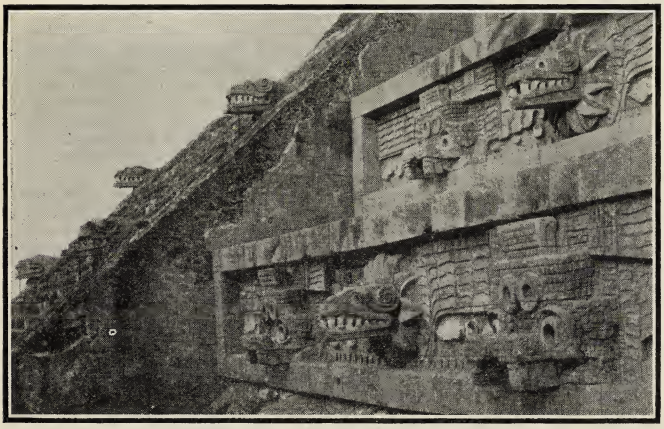
The Citadel San Juan Teotihuacan.

past Guadalupe with its famous shrine built over the spot where the Virgin is supposed to have appeared to a peasant youth, four hundred years ago; we drive on by the deep canal built under the direction of President Diaz to drain the Valley of Mexico. We skirt the edge of old Lake Texcoco, switch past the point where Cortez in 1519 found a center of culture, and on out to San Juan Teotihuacan. This name is Aztec and means the place where the gods reside, although the ancient city is of a pre-Aztec period.

As we approach the ruins the most conspicuous object is the Pyramid of the Sun. We drive directly to this and after a good deal of puffing find ourselves on top of the structure, which is 216 feet high. It is composed of five distinct pyramidal sections or terraces which narrow as they ascend. A broken series of thirty-eight well-worn steps leads from the ground to the first terrace. What a multitude of people must have passed over these stones to wear them so much! Sixty-eight steps lead to the second level; forty-eight to the third; twenty to the fourth; forty-eight to the fifth. From here is about fifteen feet to the summit, on which there was previously a temple which has now been entirely removed.

Side of Pyramid of Tenayuca.

I have read statements that the Pyramid of the Sun is larger than any of the pyramids of Egypt, but this is not the case. When I climbed the great pyramids of Cheops in Egypt I encountered very much greater difficulty than in climbing the Pyramid of the Sun. The latter is only 216 feet high, while the former is 451 feet—although each occupies about thirteen acres of land.



Part of the temple of Quetzalcoatl at San Juan Teotihuacan.

FROM the Pyramid of the Sun we are able to look over the entire ancient city, which was about four miles long by two miles wide. An area of 494 acres designated as the archæological zone and containing the more important ruins, is now set aside.

Off to the north and

west we see the Pyramid of the Moon which is about 150 feet high with a base measurement of 426 by 511 feet, and with a crowning platform about 19 feet square. Like the Pyramid of the Sun, it is composed of five layers of earth and volcanic rock. Originally the outer surface of both pyramids was faced with masonry and then plastered over with a coating of fine mortar made of cement. Much of this has now been removed.

In front of us to the west passes the great *Camino de los Muertos*, or path-way of the dead. Along this wide thoroughfare are many ancient structures. Off to the south about a mile away, we see the great ruin known as the Temple of *Quetzalcoatl Ciudadela* (the Citadel), a vast quadralateral structure, part of which has recently been excavated to show some remarkable stone carvings representing mythological subjects. This great quadrangular court, in which there are minor pyramids, covers something like 175,000 square yards. The four points of the inclosure coincide with the four points of the compass.

AS we look over this great silent city and as we later go about the many individual structures we are impressed with the tremendous amount of work required to build a city of this kind. It is evident that the people who built it possessed a relatively high type of civilization and no mean engineering skill.

Along the Highway of the Dead we come to one structure which shows that the city was built by two successive civilizations, one building directly on top of the ruins of the other. The surface ruins of one series of buildings have been excavated, then later excavations have been made of an entirely different set of buildings underneath, the lower ones having no relation to the upper. In the basement of the bottom structure we find a well from which we got a drink of fine water.

AUTHORITIES are not entirely in accord as to just when each of these civilizations did its work. One authority thinks the ruins are pre-Christian, but most of the archæologists think that part of the building at San Juan Teotihuacan was made by the Toltecs who occupied the valley of Mexico before the Aztecs. From the evidence at present known to scientists we are unable to say just who were the builders of this city; we can say, however, that many centuries before the period when we have any written history of this place, enlightened peoples dwelt here and built large cities. A government museum near the Pyramid of the Sun gives much technical information regarding the excavations for all who wish to pursue the subject further.

Since we are a little tired and hungry we allow ourselves to be taken to a *fonda* for dinner. It is a very attractive cafe in a great volcanic cave far below the surface of the ground. The reaction that comes over us in this cool spot causes us to become somewhat drowsy and, as the loud speakers of a radio that is hidden behind the rocks of the cave send forth their announcements in a foreign language, we almost have the illusion that voices are speaking to us out of the ground telling the history of the sturdy races which so many centuries ago built so well and then mysteriously disappeared. Everything of a temporary nature has gone but the imperishable monuments in stone remain to preach eloquent sermons regarding the learning and skill of those who erected them.

Pyramid at Tenayuca. The late Pres. Rey L. Pratt and the engineer in charge there.

Tenayuca

IN the valley of Mexico there are many other monuments of prehistoric civilizations. The City of Mexico itself is built on some of these. One of the interesting places that has but recently been excavated is known as Tenayuca. It is northwest of the City and near the edge of the valley to the west of the famous Guadalupe shrine.

In going to Tenayuca we drive out on one of the four great causeways that lead from the old city, which was built on an island, out to the mainland. This causeway runs west from the center of the city and is the one followed by Cortez during his disastrous retreat on the *noche triste*, or sad night, when his small army was almost destroyed. We go past the famous old cyprus tree under which the army gathered the morning after the retreat.

At Tenayuca we find an interesting pyramid about sixty-five feet high and two hundred feet square at the base. Until recently this was thought to be just an ordinary natural hill on which trees were growing. At present most of the debris has been cleared away revealing a very interesting structure. The outside is covered with cement plaster and all around are many stone serpent heads placed as if to guard the pyramid. A few feet from the main structure we observe a number of well sculptured coiled serpents.

THE engineer in charge of the excavations takes us into a tunnel that has been driven through the pyramid. This reveals the fact that the inside is composed of a smaller and older pyramid about a hundred and ten feet square. The whole thing is made up of rock placed irregularly in mud mortar, but the outside is faced with a pink granite-like stone laid in cement.

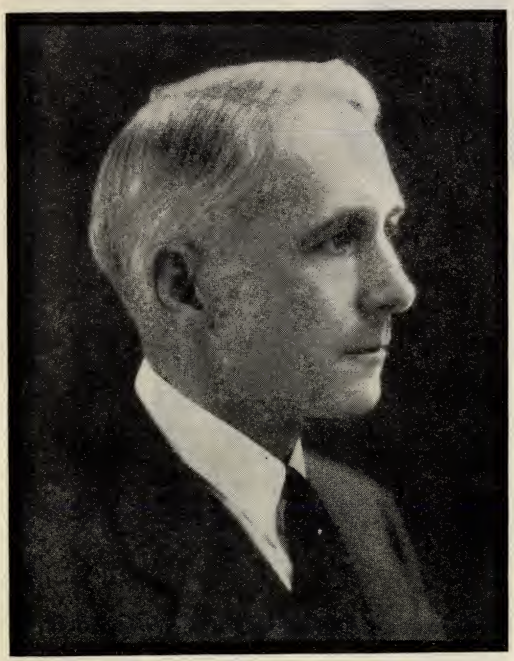
This is but one of the many auxiliary structures which, although less pretentious than the great city of San Juan Teotihuacan, is nevertheless decidedly interesting. It adds to the testimony borne by the other archæological remains that in this region mighty peoples once dwelt who perfected civilizations comparable to the ancient civilizations of any part of the world.

Hyrum Gibbs Smith

By

James E. Talmage

Of the Council of the Twelve



ANOTHER Presiding Patriarch to the Church has passed from earth and gone to join the goodly company of men who have been ordained to this exalted calling in mortality, and who are officiating in their Divine commission among the disembodied in the Paradise of the blessed.

Priesthood is not bounded by span of earth life; once authoritatively conferred it becomes an eternal endowment of the individual receiving it, save only as he may forfeit that sacred investiture through transgression.

Therefore I envisage my beloved brother and fellow servant, HYRUM GIBBS SMITH—whose earthly tabernacle was left tenantless but a few hours before these lines were written, on February 4, 1932—as engaged in the duties of his holy ministry among believers in the spirit world.

SPECIFIC significance and sanctity are characteristic of the patriarchal office. The Patriarch is a High Priest, ordained to service of counselorship, leadership and presidency as he may be called and set apart. But the patriarchal authority is especially that of officially invoking, pronouncing and bestowing blessings in the name of the Lord upon worthy recipients. Realization of these gifts and powers has been abundantly manifest in the ministry of our recently departed brother.

Between him and me there has been a bond of affectionate regard as strong as that of family relationship and this, beginning with our first acquaintance, has increased through the score of years during which we have been closely associated in the councils and service of the Church. He was ordained to his exalted office five months and a day after my installation in the Council of the Twelve; and though he was then in his thirty-third year and I in my fiftieth, we were juniors together in the assemblies of the presiding authorities. It was my privilege to be accompanied by Brother Hyrum G. Smith in many visits to stakes and wards, and to introduce him to the congregations of the Saints. I not only knew of him and about him but I came to know *him*, the man, the bestower of blessings, the Patriarch, the choice servant of the Lord.

I have witnessed the development of the patriarchal spirit and power in Brother Hyrum, and therefore add my testimony to that of nearly twenty-two thousand people who have received their individual blessings under his hands—that he was all that the title of his special office in the Priesthood and Church could possibly imply.

POSSIBLY he would have manifested in large degree those many noble and ennobling traits of his, even had he not been called to the high place he filled so well; yet I doubt not those natural attributes and graces were mellowed and sanctified by the spirit of his office. He was a gentleman and preeminently a gentle man, soft and restrained in speech, tender in dealing with the afflicted and distressed, yet bold alike in proclamation of righteousness and denunciation of sin. In high degree he understood the Lord's distinction between sin and the sinner; with the one he could make no compromise; toward the other, if repentant, he gave forth encouragement and love as a forgiving father. His position was that of father to a multitude in spiritual ministry.

HYRUM GIBBS SMITH was the sixth Patriarch to the Church in the current dispensation, and directly succeeded his grandfather, John Smith, who had served in that capacity through a period of fifty-six years. The line of Patriarchs to the Church, otherwise known as Presiding Patriarchs, is this:

1. Joseph Smith, Sen., father of the Prophet

Joseph Smith, ordained December 18, 1833; died September 14, 1840.

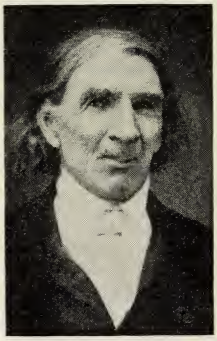
2. Hyrum Smith, son of Joseph Smith, Sen., ordained January 24, 1841; martyred at Carthage, Illinois, June 27, 1844.

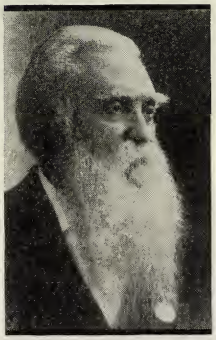
3. William Smith, when ordained in the summer of 1845 was the youngest living brother of the Prophet Joseph; he was never sustained in the office by a vote of a general conference, and was excommunicated from the Church in October, 1845.

4. John Smith, familiarly known as "Uncle" John Smith, ordained a Patriarch January 10, 1844; set apart as Presiding Patriarch January 1, 1849; died May 23, 1854. He was the brother of Joseph Smith, Sen., and therefore uncle of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

5. John Smith, son of Hyrum named above, ordained February 18, 1855; died November 6, 1911.

6. Hyrum Gibbs Smith, grandson of John Smith last named; ordained May 9, 1912; died February 4, 1932.





Above: Hyrum Smith, brother of the Prophet Joseph.

Left: John Smith, known as "Uncle" John.

Right: John Smith, son of Hyrum Smith.

No picture of Joseph Smith, Senior is available.

THE office of Presiding Patriarch has thus been preserved in the posterity of Joseph Smith, Sen., father of the Prophet, except in the case of "Uncle" John Smith, who officiated during the early youth of John Smith, son of the martyred Patriarch Hyrum Smith.

This is in accordance with the revealed order respecting this position and calling—that it be occupied by the eldest man in each generation of the family in which it was first instituted for the respective dispensation. It was so in the case of Adam and his immediate posterity and remains so in this dispensation. This is indicated in the revelation recorded as section 107 of the Doctrine and Covenants:

> The order of this Priesthood was confirmed to be handed down from father to son, and rightly belongs to the literal descendants of the chosen seed, to whom the promises were made.
>
> This order was instituted in the days of Adam, and came down by lineage . . .

LET it not be assumed, however, that eligibility as to lineage justifies one in laying individual claim to the office of Presiding Patriarch. The man who attains this position must be nominated by the constituted Authorities of the Church and sustained by the vote of the Church membership. Hyrum G. Smith was found worthy of call and ordination to this important office, and his acceptance by the Lord is demonstrated in the inspiration that has characterized his service.

Hyrum Gibbs Smith came to hold the keys of patriarchal authority, that is to say the place of presidency in the patriarchal order as established in the restored Church. Contemporary patriarchs, or evangelical ministers, ordained and set apart to local jurisdiction—such as have been constituted to officiate within the Stakes to which they belong—have looked to the Presiding Patriarch as their counselor and adviser and have rejoiced in his guidance.

HIS ministry lacked but three months in covering a score of years—years filled with good works and devoted service, the effect of which shall extend beyond the grave wherein his body shall rest, and shall endure throughout eternity.

May divine consolation attend his family and kinsfolk, and be felt by the host who rightly call him blessed!

A Tribute to the Cottonwoods of the Plains

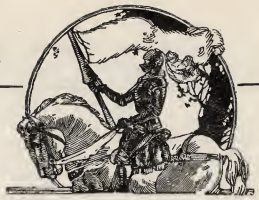
Continued from page 263

desert, the friend of man and beast, O *populus gigantia.* When the white man came in teeming thousands, he left his bones to mark the new trails he made into the desert, while those who got through, followed in the footsteps of wild creatures and Indians that led unerringly to your gray-green billowy heads against a brazen sky. There they knew water was to be found.

THE emigrant who followed your signs found water and shelter, and there, by your great shadowy body he built his fire and camped for the night. The lullaby, which you forever sing, lulled to sleep the homesick mother and children, and forever as long as they lived they loved you past understanding.

O *Populus Fremontii!* We accept your blessings as a matter of fact and without recognition or appreciation, but your reward is your continued existence in a harsh land where the law of the survival of the fittest operates with deadly certainty. Your hardy head is forever lifted to the sky and your sweet lullabies run forever through tragic memories of the pioneers of a great epoch.

Greatness in Men



Superintendent George Albert Smith

By

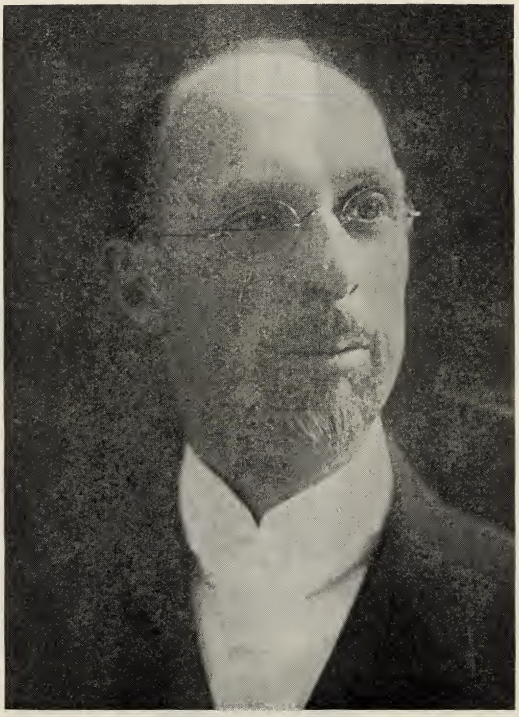
BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

President of Liberty Stake

Few men in the inter-mountain West can count as many warm friends as Elder George Albert Smith. President Hinckley in this article tells why.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH is an outstanding American citizen. He loves the land that gave him birth and the flag that waves over it. His sires have followed the stars and stripes in battle and maintained the Constitution in the vicissitudes of peace. Patriotism is born and bred in him. His gifted and illustrious father, John Henry Smith, had a patriotic pride, a passionate love for this land of liberty and for the republic which our fathers established here.

George Albert is a descendant of Edward Winslow of the Mayflower, who later became Governor of the Plymouth Colony. Among his ancestors are also the original families of Libby, Freeman, Hovey and Lord, all of New England. Some of his Revolutionary ancestors are: Samuel Smith, chairman of the committee of Safety at Topsfield, Massachusetts; Asahel Smith, son of Samuel Smith, who was also of Topsfield, Massachusetts; Jonathan Farr; Timothy Chase, aide to General Washington, and Richard Lyman, orderly sergeant to General Putman.



THUS it is seen that not only his immediate ancestors, but his forbears for generations, have been liberty loving Americans, fostering in every way *true* patriotism and carrying forward the purposes expressed in the Preamble of the Constitution of our common country. He has a proud inheritance and is worthy of it.

John Henry Smith, who was a counselor in the First Presidency of the Church at the time of his death,

will always be remembered as one of the most impressive and eloquent defenders of the faith and as a leader of vision and courage. There was something genial and chivalrous about him—his presence added dignity and prestige to any cause or company. Our modern reclamation service owes a lasting debt of gratitude to him and to his loyal son, George Albert. The cooperation and support which these men brought to this cause is, in a large degree, responsible for its success.

THE records show that George Albert took this work up where his father laid it down and gave to it his loyal support. He was elected vice-president of the International Irrigation Congress held at Calgary, Canada in 1913, re-elected vice-president at Sacramento, California in 1914 and elected president of this Congress at El Paso, Texas, in 1915.

In 1917 he was elected president of the International Dry Farm Congress at the session held at Peoria, Illinois and elected president of the Combined Irrigation and Farm Congress at Kansas City in 1918. This is indeed a splendid record of service.

In 1898 he was appointed receiver of Public Moneys and Disbursing Agent for Utah by President McKinley and later re-appointed by President Roosevelt. He was the first Latter-day Saint to receive a federal appointment. During the World War he was a member of the State Council of Defense and was chairman of the Armenian and Syrian Relief.

His love of country is shown in the very active part which he has taken in the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He has served as chaplain of the Utah Society and was elected president of this branch in 1918 and re-elected the following year, and has served repeatedly as a member of the Board of Managers. He was a delegate to the National Congress of the Society when it met in New York City, also at the meetings held in New Jersey, in Rochester and in Detroit, and has twice been elected vice-president of the national organization. On February 22nd last he delivered an address at a joint Lincoln and Washington Memorial service held in Springfield, Illinois—a very distinct honor.

Above: John Henry and Sarah Farr Smith at the time of their marriage.
Center: George Albert Smith and Lucy Woodruff just before they were married.
Lower: A very young George Albert Smith.

HE has sought always, and in the most enlightened and practical way, to further the interests of his country and to promote its general welfare as only a true-hearted American can do. Thus he has added lustre to a name already bright with deeds of patriotic service. All down the line this family has not only saluted the flag but has followed it in battle and backed their Americanism with stern and valorous deeds. They have been peace-loving but militant for righteousness.

It is a matter of interest to know that as a young man he was active in the National Guard of Utah, serving as first sergeant, Troop C—First cavalry, for the full term of enlistment. He rides a horse with grace and skill.

His interpretation of religion is a true index to his character. His religion is not doctrine in cold storage. It is not theory. It means more to him than a beautiful plan to be admired. It is more than a philosophy of life. To one of his practical turn of mind religion is the spirit in which a man lives, in which he does things, if it be only to say a kind word or give a cup of cold water. His religion must find expression in deeds. It must carry over into the details of daily life; it must manifest itself in the stern and rugged virtues which underlie all sound living; it compels him to make his practices square with his professions. This is equally true of his Americanism. George Albert Smith is a man of action, not diction. He is never satisfied with just rendering passive service. All his endeavors are constructive. He is a natural crusader for righteousness and justice.

He is officially connected with some of the leading commercial and indus-

Father Victor Herring and George Albert Smith

trial enterprises of Utah. At present he is director and vice-president of Utah Savings and Trust Company; director and vice-president of Utah-Idaho Sugar Company; president of Libbey Investment Company; director of Z. C. M. I.; director of Heber J. Grant & Company and a director of Mutual Creamery Company. He was formerly a director of Utah National Bank, of the Salt Lake Theatre and of Decker Wholesale Jewelry Company.

His judgment, his vision and his unquestioned integrity, coupled with a capacity for bringing things to pass would, we think, have made for him a place in the business and financial world if he had devoted his time and talents in that direction.

AS a boy he very early learned the meaning of hard work and felt the weight of responsibility. At the age of thirteen he was employed in the Z. C. M. I. overalls factory and afterwards in other departments and positions of that institution—some of the positions were very humble. He subsequently became a director, and had the honor of representing the institution at a gathering of prominent merchants in the City of London who were entertained for six weeks by the British Drapers Association. It is a long call from the dust and noise of the factory to the position as the official representative at a great international gathering in the metropolis of the world.

In 1919 he was appointed by Governor Simon Bamberger to represent Utah at the International Housing Convention in London.

He attended the public schools of Salt Lake City, the Brigham Young University at Provo and the University of Utah. He is a keen observer, has traveled extensively and mingled with

Above: Cabin in the glen at the home of George Albert Smith. Here he spends his summer evenings.

Lower: George Albert Smith—Senior and Junior.

men of liberal learning and has thus acquired a culture and a training which colleges do not give.

ON leaving the University of Utah he became a member of the surveying party which laid out the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad east from Green River. It was while working in this capacity that his eye sight became permanently impaired as a result of the heat and glaring sun of that desert country. This was an irreparable loss to him and had it not been for his indomitable will it might have proved a serious handicap. Notwithstanding this he is a well read man. Providentially this very handicap has forced him to work in a field of greater importance. He is never idle for his pastime is saving and helping people.

There are to his credit many achievements, but perhaps the field of his finest endeavor has been the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, of which organization he has been general superintendent for ten years.

He has served this organization in almost every capacity—from a lay member to general superintendent. He was stake superintendent at the time he was ordained an apostle. The Salt Lake Stake, over which he then presided, was made up of about forty wards and covered Salt Lake County. With his characteristic zeal he gathered about him a corps of the most capable young leaders, organized his work, developed his plans and carried forward his program with remarkable efficiency. Permeating the entire movement was a spiritual vitality which comes only from superior leadership.

THE deeds which will last longest and shine the brightest in the affections of those who know him best will not be his public utterances, his patriotic service, his business ability, nor the stimulat-

George Albert Smith
The Trail Blazer

ing power which he imparts to all the movements and organizations with which he becomes connected, and we would not minimize any of these for they are important; but the deeds which will forever adorn his life have been done in quiet ways. His supreme work has been accomplished in unseen places and at unknown hours, and often with forgotten and neglected people.

He has been indeed a father to the fatherless and a friend to the forsaken. His solicitude for the welfare of the young people has found expression in an individual missionary work of the most far-reaching and effective character. His unfailing kindness, his implicit faith in humanity, his rare ability to reach the hearts of boys, to win their confidence, to awaken the good that slumbers in their souls, has enabled him to do some of the most precious work that men ever do. He has the priceless gift of planting hope in the human heart, of restoring confidence and starting men anew on the path that leads to peace and self-victory.

TO get a faint glimpse of some of the best things he has done one needs only to talk with a strong man whose locks are now touched with gray and whose tender heart throbs with gratitude when he tells you what he did for him. This man had become a victim of drink and was in the depths of degradation and despair when George Albert Smith found him and put hope and resolution in his heart and started him anew on the road to permanent happiness and splendid achievement. This gray haired man has been signally successful with thousands of boys and girls, and, out of his own bitter experience, has been able to better understand the struggles and soul tragedies of oth-

(*Continued on page* 295)

George Albert Smith and friends who received the Silver Beaver for distinguished contributions to Scouting.

By

Gladys Hendrickson

Illustrated by

Mary Roberts

Here is a prose poem — a bit of whimsical March itself.

"She went to him and took his hand. 'It's wonderful,' she whispered, turning her face up to the caresses of the wind."

Wind

"I LOATHE it!" Jeanie's voice was heavy with bitterness.

Then she clapped her slender, work-roughened hand over her mouth. She felt as guilty as though she had stolen an altar candle.

"No—no, I mustn't hate it—I can't let myself! But the wind—Oh, why can't the wind stop?"

As if in answer, the wind rose in a thin, eerie wail, and whipped a tumbleweed across the dusty road. The weed caught in the bars of the north section gate, and the dust and wind brushed on, whirling across the dry surface of the plowed field.

"I'm caught, too, trapped as you are, little tumbleweed, and I must look forward to nothing but endless days of dust and heat and deadly monotony, and through it all, this wind—it's maddening!"

JEANIE turned from the door. She had enough to do without staring over the prairie feeling sorry for herself. She brushed the sun-bleached hair out of her eyes and picked up her mending basket. With swift, rhythmic strokes, Jeanie wove a neat little patch across the top of the toe of the rough brown sock she was holding. Seth wore his stockings out in such a queer place. The discontent in her face was momentarily hidden as she thought of the first socks she had mended for Seth. She had been certain that the socks were defective until the next pair wore through in exactly the same place. She had learned that it was Seth's long toes attempting to adjust themselves to his hard-toed boots, that caused them to wear across the tops as they did.

Jeanie's mind came back to her stuffy little kitchen and the barren hillside visible from the window. The hills rose in drab, un-imaginative evenness as far to the east as she could see except for the deep cut made by Fall Creek. An occasional clump of aspen, because of their continuous motion increased the impression of shimmering heat.

SHE and Seth had grown apart somehow. It had been so hard—there was more work to be done than they could do. The heat and strain were showing on them both, and Seth seemed to feel the discontent that was tearing at her. Jeanie could feel the breach widen between them, but because she hated the place, and her nerves were frayed by the endless whining of the wind, she felt indifference toward Seth settling down over her like a cloud.

At last, the girl folded the darned socks into neat little rolls and carried them to the shabby bedroom. As she opened Seth's drawer, a paper fell to the worn carpet. She could see that it was scribbled on in pencil and that it was in Seth's funny, cramped hand.

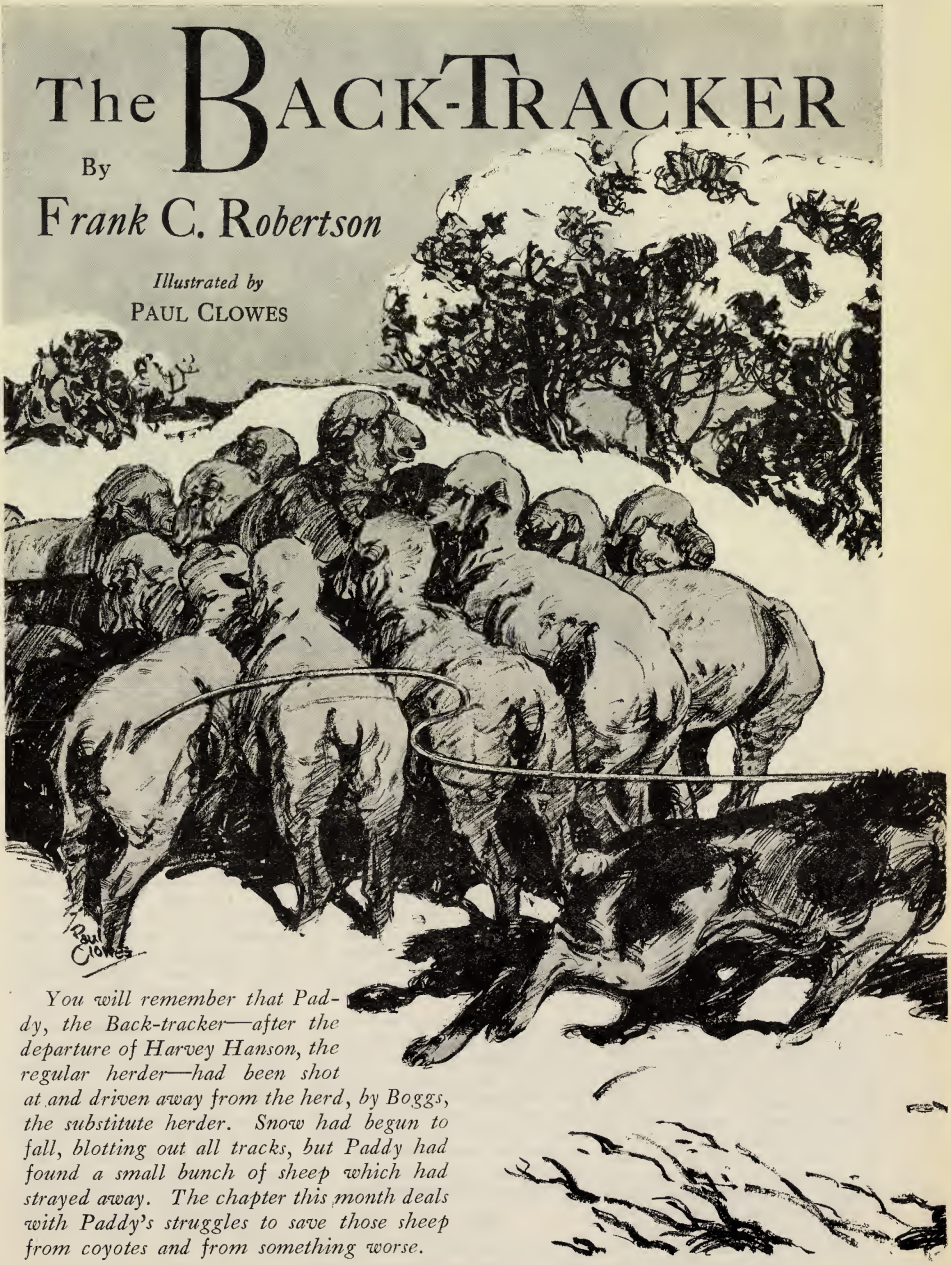
(*Continued on page* 309)

The Back-Tracker

By

Frank C. Robertson

Illustrated by
PAUL CLOWES



You will remember that Paddy, the Back-tracker—after the departure of Harvey Hanson, the regular herder—had been shot at and driven away from the herd, by Boggs, the substitute herder. Snow had begun to fall, blotting out all tracks, but Paddy had found a small bunch of sheep which had strayed away. The chapter this month deals with Paddy's struggles to save those sheep from coyotes and from something worse.

PART II

IN the morning all that could be seen of either sheep or dog were little mounds of snow. Paddy was the first to arise and shake the three inches or more of snow from his body. Alarmed, the sheep sprang up and stood looking at him in bovine confusion.

The storm had ceased, but it was below zero weather. Paddy felt numb and cold, and he was sore across the loins. But his great trouble was loneliness. He wanted Harvey. He pointed his nose toward the sky and gave vent to a long concatenation of weird howls which voiced the desolation of his heart.

From far over the hills drifted back a mocking answer which sent the short, spiny hairs of his ruff rigidly erect. Coyotes! From one hill and then another came those ringing yelps like the demoniac laughter of lost souls. They seemed everywhere. Yet the big dog was familiar enough with his traditional enemies to know that they could change their voices in a way that one or two coyotes could sound like a horde, but there were enough to cause plenty of trouble.

SOON the lost band began to shake the snow out of their fleeces and the bolder ones pushed cautiously forward. There was little grass that could be reached just then. They browsed at the underbrush for a while, but they seemed to sense that something was wrong. At every strange sound they would stampede into a huddle, from which they withdrew with the utmost caution.

Paddy trotted over the ridge to where he had last seen the main herd. It wasn't in sight, and the recent snow had covered all the tracks. And yet the dog knew instinctively which way it had gone. Nose down he started on a lope. Then he stopped. Back yonder was the strayed bunch. Harvey didn't leave sheep behind. He knew what Harvey would have done. He would set the dog to back-tracking and he would have gone on with the herd while Paddy triumphantly brought in the strays.

HARVEY wasn't here to give the orders now, but the big dog somehow knew that he should back-track. It wasn't right to abandon those lost sheep. The howls of the marauders still rang in his ears. He turned back. His steps were slow and listless. Harvey and the sheepcamp had been his moorings, and now he was suddenly cut adrift. All he had left to cling to was a little band of sheep from the herd.

He reached the top of the ridge overlooking the herd, and the listlessness fell from him like a garment. In the bottom of the gulch the little bunch of sheep were in a huddle so tight that a third of them seemed to be on top of the others. Occasionally as they milled some one of them would be hurled from the huddle. In blind panic it would try to get past the gray specter in front of it; would run for a few yards, and then attempt to break back to the bunch. Always the move was fatal. The silent gray form which had been watching close to the edge of the huddle was always there to meet the animal when it broke back toward the herd. Long, lean jaws snapped viciously and the foolish ewe went heels over head, and came down with a severed jugular.

Soon he was ignoring the impudent challenge of the coyotes, except when they actually approached the herd. Then he was upon them with cold ferocity.

There were four of those hungry gray shapes when Paddy reached the top of the ridge. One sat at every corner of the herd. Whenever a luckless ewe became panic-stricken and bolted, the one at that side arose leisurely, loped behind until she turned back, and then made his kill. The others watched with interest, but waited patiently for their own turn to come.

No less than six pathetic heaps already lay upon the bloody snow.

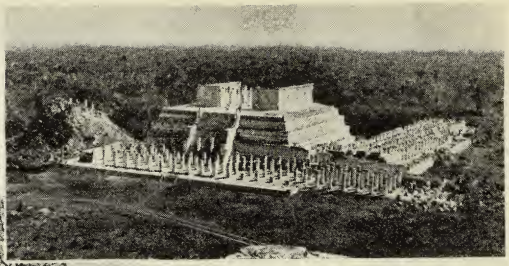
A thunderous roar issued from the lungs of the big sheep dog. All his life he had defied and chased coyotes. It was their nature to flee when a dog approached. Perhaps they would turn and chase the dog back again, but that meant nothing. But now, as he charged down the hill the coyotes moved a little, but they didn't run. With bared fangs they awaited the onslaught. With the uncanny wisdom of the wild they knew their foe had lost his chief support —man. They were having too much fun to run away. Secure in numbers they meant to stay.

Unterrified, the big dog drove headlong at the nearest coyote. By sheer weight he upset the animal and rolled it over. His own momentum carried him past the others. He slid to a stop so suddenly that the stiff, icy rope he trailed writhed over him like a snake.

In another instant he would have been attacked from three sides, but his foes leaped away from that rope. That, they seemed to know, was no natural part of a dog. It smacked of man, and they knew their great enemy possessed many insidious tricks. They fled, grinning back at their intrepid assailant with blood-flecked jaws.

PADDY gave chase for a short distance, but he kept step-

(*Continued on page* 316)



The Temple of Kukalcan

Temple of the Warriors

A Night in *Chichen Itza*

By Lucy Beth Cardon

I STOOD before it in the pale moonlight,
A mortal, gazing with a mortal's awe
On that vast pile of stone, that pyramid,
Scarce grasping, scarce believing that I saw.

Death's stillness reigned o'er all; yet as I gazed,
A speck moved on that height, but made no sound,—
And lo! a priest, the teotuctli, stands,
In Kukalcan's great doorway; all around

The air is hushed, expectant, quivering!
His hands are raised, as though to strike a blow;
They fall, and from the temple drum there bursts
A thunder-crash that rocks the earth below.

And when it dies, an answering crash is heard.
The Temple of the Warriors is alight
With torches, and its myriad columns shine
With flashing arms, and feathered garments bright.

A martial fete! In gorgeous columns come
The warriors of the Mayas, file on file,
March up the Feathered-Serpent temple stairs
Until their numbers cover the vast pile.

The conch-shells waft their warlike music high,
And blended with the rhythmic marching feet,
The song the warriors chant rings stirringly,
And rings again within the moonlit street.

And then a silence falls, each man becomes
A brazen statue, motionless, his face
Turned toward the temple doorway. Now, in state,
Appears their king, the ruler of his race.

His voice is raised in greeting; as it dies
Ten thousand throats burst forth in martial song.
Each statue comes to life, and file on file,
They march and countermarch, in gorgeous throng.

The pyramid ablaze with color stands,
A mass of waving plumes and glittering spears,
Tilmatlis made of feathers, silver casques,
The king's green-feathered banner oft appears.

And then, before my eyes, the waving plumes
And singing warriors slowly fade away.
A shaft of sunlight gilds the temple roof—
Death claims the sleeping city—it is day!

The *Victory* BANQUET

By

Weston N. Nordgren

Center: 900 men seated at Victory Banquet.

Upper and Lower: Real Indian Scouts.

THE public is becoming "Scout Conscious." This fact was clearly demonstrated by the annual victory banquet of the Salt Lake Council Boy Scout leaders, held recently in Salt Lake City, when more than 900 Scouters gathered in what was said to be the largest business-banquet meeting of a formal nature ever held by any organization in the state of Utah.

Comments since the meeting also indicate that the event is the greatest single aid to the Boy Scout program ever received in this intermountain area.

LOVE of Scouting, demonstrated by reports issued at the meeting, and strengthened on the following day by reports from other Utah councils, makes Scouters take heart for the activities of the spring and summer camping program and shows that the greatest strides of the year were taken in centers of "Mormon" population.

Two of the reasons for this are: First, well-organized local Councils with competent leadership; second, the incorporation of the Boy Scout program in Y. M. M. I. A. activities and correlation with Aaronic Priesthood quorums.

As the Scout leaders and visitors entered they were directed to their "district headquarters," where they donned feathers, Indian bonnets, robes, and other paraphernalia to represent some aboriginal tribe. Then each district was ushered into the large dining hall. Special musical numbers during the turkey

dinner were given by the DeMolay chorus and the L. D. S. High boys' chorus.

WHEN Governor George H. Dern faced the huge banquet group, he remarked, among other things, that he was "proud to be governor of a state which included a community containing 800 men who, in spite of the depression were determined that this great character-building program should go forward."

In the auditorium, where a splendid program was given, the business of the meeting was taken up, also. Districts responded to the roll call by answering to their Indian names and doing stunts.

One of the features of the program was the awarding of silver beaver badges, conferred for distinguished service to boyhood, upon Hon. George Albert Smith, Dr. Francis A. Goeltz, Dr. Charles G. Plummer, E. B. Heisler, John K. Keddington and William A. Dunn, all Scouters of experience, who have "grown up" with the movement.

ANOTHER surprise feature was the staging of a Shoshone Indian war dance by Dewey Pohipe, Walter Eagle and Andrew Punkin, assisted at the tom-tom by Abe Phelps. These Indian Boy Scouts were accompanied by J. B. McGillis, head of the department of land service, Fort Hall, Idaho, Indian reservation, and troop committeeman; and Jesse Picotte, Scoutmaster of the Indian troop of 48 Scouts, who also is head of the reservation school.

Henry Woonsock, an Indian Scouter from Portage, Utah, led the combined "tribes" into the assembly hall, and took part on the program.

Idaho visitors included D. C. Watkins, Scout executive of the Eastern Idaho Area council, with headquarters at Pocatello, Idaho, and Dr. Ray J. Davis, speaker of the evening, also from Pocatello. His message, describing the climbing of the Grand Teton peak by three Scouts, urged the Scouters to "come on up" through Scouting, and to encourage others to do the same.

Difficulties and dangers encountered on the ascent were likened to those found in Scouting, and proof that brave hearts were needed in each venture, was given.

Dr. Davis is an Eagle Scout, and also has climbed the peak he referred to. His message impressed those in attendance, and inspired them to greater things in their daily and Scouting lives.

This being the annual meeting the officers of the Council for the year 1932 were elected as follows:

President: Malcolm A. Keyser; Vice Presidents: Ernest Gayford, Adrian Pembroke, Fred M. Michelson, John M. Boutwell; Treasurer: Frank M. Maher; National Committeemen: Russel L. Tracy, George Albert Smith, Hylon T. Plumb, Charles G. Plummer, M. D., and W. E. Fife.

PRESIDENTS' ribbons were awarded to 87 troops enrolling at least four new Scouts in the movement during the "Beat San Francisco" campaign, waged from October 1 to December 31. Eighty-seven troops were thus honored.

Scout Executive D. E. Hammond made his annual report. Some interesting facts from the report follow.

Consistent advancement among Scouts and Scouters was reported, with the total advances in membership and rank in 1931 almost equaling that of 1929 and 1930 combined.

THE "Beat San Francisco" idea was based on the Scout population of the San Francisco council, October 1, which was 4,113. During the three-months contest for enrollment, the Salt Lake council gained 736 new Scouts, exclusive of Scouts re-registering. One hundred seven troops registered at least one new Scout. This campaign was in addition to the objective set January 1, 1931, to obtain a total of 3,600 Scouts in 140 troops which quota was passed early in the year.

This made an increase of 25 per cent in the Salt Lake council ranks, giving this area first place in the "High Tension Club" of Region 12. Councils must have an annual increase of ten per cent to obtain membership.

Comparative figures of Region 12 place Utah at the head with one boy of every 2.4 of Scout age, registered in Scouting.

In the council during the year 44 training courses were given for Scouters, with 1024 enrolled and 593 completing the courses. Four courses were incomplete.

THE Scoutmaster's Key, highest award for training and actual daily practice in leading Scouts, was awarded to six men during the year: Edward A. Evans, commissioner Ensign district; Royal Stone, commissioner Cottonwood district; Neslen Smith, Scoutmaster Troop 105; Leonard Grant Fox, Scoutmaster Troop 68; Hubert G. Hall, Scoutmaster Troop 36; Frank Grant, Assistant Scoutmaster Troop 105.

The Salt Lake council has set these objectives for 1932:

160 Troops numbering 4400 Scouts.

Every Scout leader in uniform by the end of the year; with as many as possible being in full uniform by July 4.

All Scouts in camp sometime during the year.

And looking ahead, into 1933:

Every Scout in uniform.

Beat Los Angeles in Scout membership, thereby taking first place in Region 12, and per capita becoming not only "the center of Scouting America," but the leading Scout center of the world!

Scout leaders of the council predict that all of these objectives will be attained long before the time set has expired, giving every home in this council, in this state of Utah, and in this area a vital interest in the great Scouting game.

Occupying the Field

COUNCIL	Area Population	Boys of Scout Age	Troop Scouts	Scout Ratio
Los Angeles	1,053,000	47,385	5,807	1 in 8.1
San Francisco	712,000	32,040	4,207	1 in 7.6
Oakland	340,000	15,300	2,857	1 in 5.3
San Jose	248,000	11,160	1,601	1 in 6.9
San Diego	210,000	9,450	1,710	1 in 5.5
Huntington Park	201,000	9,045	1,987	1 in 4.5
Pasadena	200,000	9,000	2,345	1 in 3.8
Sacramento	200,000	9,000	1,895	1 in 4.7
SALT LAKE	218,000	9,810	4,152	*1 in 2.4

*These ratios are approximate, based on 4 and ½ per cent of the total population being boys 12 to 18 years of age.

A *Guest* in the Home

By

Adah R. Naylor

MAN does not confine his personality to his body. He extends himself into everything he *does, has* or *acquires* —into the clothes he wears, the work he does, the books he reads, and the home he makes. All the material things which he possesses and loves he somehow warms with his own life.

In numbering material belongings a man's home usually stands out as his dearest earthly possession, and one of his strongest desires—especially if his home is a pleasant one—is to share it with his friends. There is little joy in a thing unshared. "Ceasing to share, we cease to have, such is the law of life."

When a man invites a friend to make a sojourn under his roof-tree —be that roof-tree large or small —he has proffered the most gracious gift one friend can make to another. Much is gained when friends mingle together, and we should visit and invite visits in return. A guest, if he be the right sort, brings new interests in addition to the charm of his company, so that we are stimulated by his presence, and the entire household is lifted up to its best level, so to speak. The guest too is benefited, a change of place and fresh and happy associations renew the mind and give a lilt to life.

True Hospitality

HAVING a guest in the home need not be considered a burden if we are careful to remember that true hospitality shares only what it has, and never attempts to give what it has not. We do not win friends, or hold friends by display and lavish entertaining—for material things have little to do with real living. There is no better way to show bad taste and ill breeding than to entertain in a manner that is out of all proportion to the daily mode of living. A modest home warmed by a host and hostess who have a fine sense of welcome is often a much pleasanter place to visit than the home of the millionaire. It is the genial flow of good will and cordial fellowship that makes for happy times. It isn't that wealth prohibits friendship, but people of large means are often hedged in by their possessions and formal living, and so miss many of the simple pleasures.

There are people who hesitate to accept the invitations of wealthy friends because they cannot reciprocate in kind—but when social life reaches the stage where it is dinner for dinner, like for like, the commercial spirit has entered into it and friendship has ceased. There are many ways to show our appreciation of entertainment given us by wealthy friends. A small gift, a modest supper or an informal luncheon, when given with fine spirit and feeling is a tribute that any friend can be glad to accept. While true hospitality gives without expecting to receive in return, the person who eats another person's bread is a debtor and if he cannot repay in kind, he should give something of himself in appreciation.

The Invitation

THE man may be the head of the family, but the woman is always in charge of the household. She is responsible for the management of the home and for this reason a husband does not ask a guest to come and stay in the home without first consulting his wife. Men sometimes, if taken seriously, would give the impression that they were conductng a hotel free of charge, from the way they go about giving general invitations to friends and sometimes to mere acquaintances to *"Come and visit some time."* Women too are often guilty of giving wholesale invitations that have no meaning and hence are in bad taste.

When you invite a friend to visit in your home you are conferring an honor, and the invitation should be given *warmly* and *sincerely*, with date and length of visit suggested, "John and I would so enjoy having you spend a week with us—can you come on the tenth?" Sometimes the invitation is set a long time ahead and the date is necessarily indefinite. An Idaho rancher writes to his nephew in the city: "Our family would very much like to have you spend your two weeks' vacation with us this summer; the fishing is good and if you can let us know ahead of time we can arrange our work so that we can have several days of sport."

Aunt Mary in Salt Lake writes to her niece in Southern Utah: "I hope you are planning on coming up to April Conference; we are anxious to see you and should enjoy having you spend the week with us. Do write and say that you will come."

These invitations are *definite* and *sincere* and express a real desire for the company of the one in-

(*Continued on page* 311)

Beauty in the Home

By

LUTIE H. FRYER

Professor of Home Economics
University of Utah

COLOR

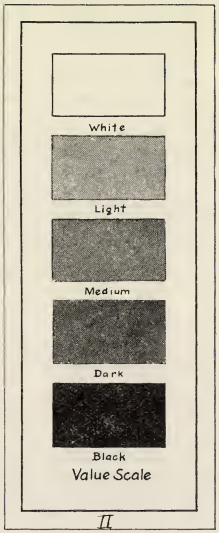
How to Know It

MUCH as form, proportion, and balance mean to every interior, nothing means so much to the beauty of a room as color.

Without color, every object that surrounds us, everything that we see is lacking in beauty, warmth, gaiety, sympathy, vitality and strength. A colorless house is dull, drab and lifeless. Because some people live in colorless houses or unknowingly surround themselves with discord does not prove that they might not prefer harmony were they given the opportunity of esthetic cultivation.

The phonograph and the radio broadcasting of best music has brought knowledge of music harmony to many who otherwise would have little opportunity to cultivate an appreciation of that which is good. But there is no way as yet of broadcasting harmony of color. One inevitably associates music with color because both appeal to the emotions, both create visions of beauty quite as much for those who merely listen or look on as for those who compose or design.

IT appears as if some people are born with a notable color sense just as others are born with a notable talent for music but it is not necessary to have a "heaven born ear" for music in order to learn to listen to music with appreciation and pleasure; neither is it necessary to have a "heaven-born eye" for color in order to understand the principle of harmony. Much as musical facility is accomplished by learning to read notes, practicing with the fingers, and cultivating an appreciative intelligence by means of a listening ear, color skill can be acquired by learning the rules of harmony from color charts, and cultivating an appreciative intelligence by means of an observing eye.



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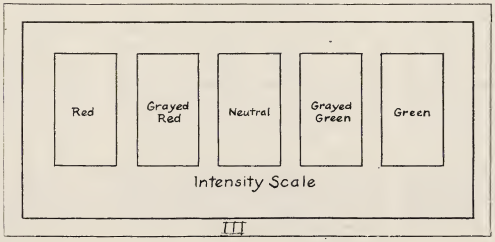


III

The principles of color knowledge, and the physical effects and properties of color, are scientifically demonstrable, and are not mere matters of chance, guesswork, or imagination. Definitions, it is true, such as are about to follow, are likely to be a trifle dull and prosy, but they first must be mastered in order to have the pleasure and satisfaction of afterwards applying what has been learned. We must first learn to creep before we can hope to walk or run.

The Primary Colors

IN dealing with color we must work from the foundation supplied by the three primary colors: red, yellow, and blue. These three colors are called primary or foundation colors because none of them can be produced by the mixing of other colors, while all other colors can be derived from the primaries by combining two or all three of them in various ways, sometimes in conjunction with black and white. Black and white properly speaking are not colors at all; black results from the absence of color and white is theoretically the combination of all colors. For practical purposes, however, we may reckon black and white as colors.

The all-embracing character of the three primary colors which within their possible combinations contain the making of all other colors. The top circle, Fig. I denotes completeness. The division into three equal parts, one red, one yellow, and one blue, denotes the equal importance of each of these three

primary colors. From this diagram as a basis can be developed other diagrams which show the derivations and relationship of colors.

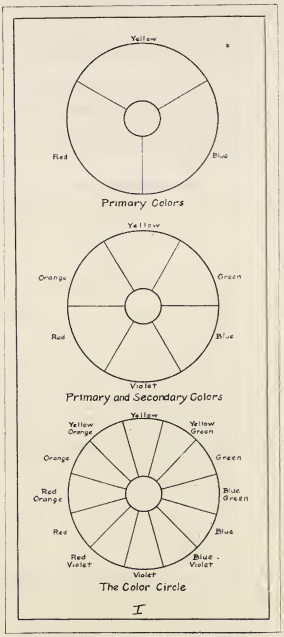
Second or Binary Colors

A secondary color is one that is derived directly from the combination of two primary colors. As the second circle, Fig. I shows, there are three secondary or binary colors—orange, green, and violet.

Red and yellow combined make orange; yellow and blue combined give green; blue and red combined produce violet. The three primary and the three secondary or binary hues are generally called the six standard colors. When a primary and a secondary color are mixed an intermediate hue results. If the orange has more red than yellow in its composition it is red orange; if there is more yellow than red, it is yellow orange. If green is composed of more yellow than blue it is a yellow green; if it is composed of more blue than yellow it is a blue green. If violet has more red than blue in its composition, it is a red violet; if it has more blue than red, it is a blue violet.

Many familiar color names do not appear on the chart such as: henna, coral, turquoise, burgundy, beige, sand and many others, but each of these can be described accurately by using the name of the color to which it is most closely related.

So far we have seen how all colors are created from the three primaries: red, yellow and blue. The next important thing is to know something of the properties of color.



I

Properties of Color

THERE are three properties or dimensions of color which are as distinct from one another as length, breadth, and thickness of an object. These dimensions are hue, value, and intensity.

Hue

HUE is the term used to indicate the name of a color such as blue, green, or russet. The color circle, Fig. I, shows yellow at the top in the center, and violet falls directly opposite on the lower side of the circle. The hues fall into two large groups. The colors at the right of the circle near the blues are the cool hues, while those on the left side, around red and orange, are the warm hues. Red and orange are the warmest colors; they seem to stand forth boldly and to come towards one, for this reason they are called advancing colors. Blue and blue purple are the coldest hues, they seem to move away, hence the term receding. Green is between the warm and the cool hue. It gets warmer as it grows yellowish and cool as it grows bluish. Because of these qualities, if there are two objects of equal size and exactly similar shapes, side by side, the one red, the other blue—the red one will seem to stand forth more boldly than the blue and to be actually nearer the eye. The perception of the red color excites greater activity in the optic nerve than does the perception of blue, hence the warmer and more stimulating effect of the red and the cooler, calmer and more subduing effect of the blue.

Value

VALUE, the second dimension, is the degree of lightness and darkness of a color. Diagram Fig. II shows us five rectangles, the top one being white and the bottom one black, while in between are light gray, medium gray and dark gray. We speak of these as being high, medium and low values.

The value of any hue may be named by comparing it with one of these steps on the value scale. Thus, we may have values of an orange color ranging from brown at the bottom to peach at the top; or in the case of red, we may have a dark red at the bottom ranging to a light pink at the top. All of the values or tones between middle value and black are called shades; and those between middle value and white are called tints. Thus we say, "I chose a shade of gray for my rug, and a tint of gray for the wall, which implies that the rug is darker than the wall.

A knowledge of the value scale is very important in the study of interior decoration for it helps us to accomplish the proper gradation of values which are too strangely different in value, as very dark drapes against a light wall; or from putting light upholstering material upon furniture of very dark finish.

In the use of gradations of value, in interior decoration, we follow the guidance of Nature. If we examine a tree closely, we find that the roots are the darkest value; the trunk is lighter; the branches are still lighter and the leaves are the lightest of all. Or again, look out over the valley on a clear day. Nature usually lays a carpet of dark values as can be seen in the brown earth; the greens of the hillsides are lighter values, and for the ceiling she reserves the lightest tints of all. Thus, in the use of values in a room, the floor or rug should be darker than the walls, while the ceiling should be the lightest value.

White and light colors suggest distance while dark colors suggest foreground or nearness. Hence, dark values are particularly appropriate for floors and rugs because they give to the room an impression of stability. Light values seem to increase the size of an object. Small rooms may be made to appear larger if they are decorated in light values. Black and dark values seem to decrease the size of an object. Therefore, dark colors tend to make a room appear much smaller.

Intensity

BY intensity, the third dimension of color, we mean its strength, purity, or brilliancy. We often speak of soft or dulled colors, as soft or dull green. By this, is meant a green which has lost some of its intensity; that is, the color is somewhat neutralized or grayed. Fig III. It is plain, then, that every color has not only a value scale, but also has an intensity scale. The intensity scale begins with the full normal hue of the color and runs through a number of gradations, each one of which is less intense, or more grayed, than the preceding one, until it reaches neutrality at the other end of the scale. Intensity is the quality of color which makes it possible for a certain hue such as red to whisper, to shout, or to speak in a refined tone. Changes in the intensity of a color can be brought about by the addition of gray or through the admixture of its comple-

(*Continued on page* 312)

The Color of Yesterday

By Ardyth Kennelly

I REMEMBER the color of Yesterday.
It had to do with your gilt hair
And geranium mouth and sea-colored eyes.
It had to do with old blue of tea-set
And yellow of linen and thin scarlet
Of cherry jell, and with the clean silver
Of wet white lilacs, and the indefinite pink
Of four lighted candles in a row.

I loved it, and I remember it.
Listen to me sing it in a song!

The Desert Answers

By Grace Ingles Frost

DOUBT and his companion called Despair
My comrades were:
With me they plodded on year after year,
Laid well their traps for my unwary feet
And whispered dark, warped doctrines to my ear.
Then—my eyes beheld you—
You—
Of desolation the embodiment!
The heat—the burning heat of many suns,
Had seared your breast and left upon your brow
Its scarring brand.
The benison of Nature's quenching tears,
You ne'er had known.
A silence as profound and undisturbed,
As that which follows in the wake of death,
Enveloped you,
Save when protesting tones of unslaked thirst
Wailed life's lament.
The lean coyote, the jackal and his brood,
And that arch fiend whose pinions cleave the air
In search of booty from the bones of man,
With all the crawling, cursed, reptilian crowd,—
These were of you—
Your more than kith, your very near of kin.
But, oh, the stars!—
The stars you had beneficently near—
Aye, a blanket woven of the stars did cover you:
And so, gaunt, lonesome, barren-breasted thing,
Unlaved, uncombed, and all in all unkempt,
I found that God had e'en remembered you.
You broke my fetters, set my spirit free.
No longer could I faltering question Him,
Nor longer walk with Doubt:—
You—you had answered me.

Worthy of You

By Carlton Culmsee

IF I could give you fair return
For all that you have done for me
The great soul of a god would burn
Like a white inner sun for me,
And more than love you,
I should be worthy of you.

March Morning

By Gladys Hendrickson

THIS morning I awaken
To find the winter shaken
By a song—
The grim and hoary goblin
Was routed when a robin
Hopped along.

I listen to the tinkle
Of the water drops that sprinkle
From the eaves—
In the sun my cat is purring,
I can feel the new life stirring
In the leaves.

Like the bright lamp of Aladdin
The sun has come to gladden
Everything—
The day is gold as honey,
The hills are warm and sunny,
It is spring!

An Etching—Casas Grandes

By Grace Zenor Pratt

THE river . . . cottonwoods . . . a tender green of spring,
A maze of blossoms, peach and fragrant plum;
Then two old giant trees and winding street,
Adobe houses, terrace upon terrace, and beyond
The purple hills . . . a back ground for the town.
An old church with an open carved door . .
The chanting of the priests, black-robed in prayer . .
The kneeling women, and a peal of bells . .
A glimpse of narrow streets and white-washed walls,
And herds returning at the close of day.
Against the garden walls the trees lean lovingly,
Old fruit trees gnarled by many a storm and gale;
And doorways open bid us glance inside
To flower cool patios where the shadows fall.
About the plazas, lovers, arm in arm,
Listening to soft music; and the charm of Spain,
Recalls old romance; finds itself again,
Here in the Old Town down in Mexico.

Wind

By Helen Hogenson Romney

THE wind blows in from the ocean,
From the other ends of the earth
And mingles madly, a moment
With the foam of the pounding surf.

The wind blows in from the desert
With a dusty withering wail—
The wind blows in from the desert,
An unending, pitiless gale.

The wind slips in from the valley
With a tender caressing sigh,
And ruffles the curls of children
As they list to their lullaby.

The wind is a jolly dancer
With a scarf of autumn leaves
The wind is a teasing playmate
As a graceful rustling breeze.

The wind is an awful tyrant
When roaring with swirling breath;
He stamps his feet in passion
In the menacing dance of death.

The wind is a ceaseless traveler,
A carefree troubadour
Who sings as he passes my window,
His changing, mystic lore.

Storm and Calm

By Weston N. Nordgren

THE furious
White tiger
Of the night
Leaps and screams
Within its dark,
Walled prison;
And lashes its
Tail, scattering
Silver snow.

Whirled and
Eddied by hard
Gusts of wind,
The spongy mass,
Roused from
Feathered clouds,
Falls wetly down,
Drifts, settles,
Here below.

Tree tops scarred
By giant claws
Now rest beneath
A bandage white;
Hiding from view
All conflict, strife,
And bringing peace
To hectic night.

"God's Candles"

By Lydia Hall

WHAT shall I call the Yuccas,
Those flowers so grand,
Growing upon the hillside
In rocks and sand?

Sweet, waxen bells, fair and lovely,
Gleaming afar
Like candles tall—"God's candles,"
That's what they are.

Glancing Through

*Brief Summary of Magazine Articles**

By

ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

History Repeats Itself

(The following editorial appeared in *Harper's Weekly* on October 10, 1857. September marked the beginning of depression. This editorial appeared in October. Seventeen months later, in March of 1859, business was back at normal again.)

The Lesson of the Day

IT is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our own country there is a universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment, and without the prospect of it. In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources, and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried in coping with the vast and deadly Indian insurrection, and with its disturbed relations in China.

It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel an indifference—which, happily, no man pretends to feel—in the issue of events.

Of our own troubles no man can see the end. They are, fortunately, as yet mainly commercial; and if we are only to lose money, and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom—the wisdom of honor, of faith, of sympathy, and of charity—no man need seriously to despair. And yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity.

These are the things that make the profound interest of the moment, beside others whose roots are spreading underground, out of sight. It is no time for idleness or trifling, for forgetfulness or selfishness. The complexion of every country, and of the world, rests at last upon the character of individuals. If men are false and timid, affairs, the course of events are tainted by the cowardice and falsehood. It is every man's business, therefore, to keep his heart and his hands clean—to be brave, and hopeful, and very humble. Extravagance, vanity, the lust of luxury, are crimes in the men of today. At home we shall have direct appeals to our sympathy in the swarms of honest laborers for whom there is no work. Abroad, the appeal will be more indirect, in the extremity of a friend and ally.

Good friends! let our conduct prove that the call comes to men who have large hearts, however narrowed their homes may be; who have open hands, however empty their purses. In times of peril we have nothing but manhood, strong in its faith in God, to rely upon; and whoever shows himself truly a God-fearing man now, by helping wherever and however he can, will be as blessed and beloved as a great light in darkness.

Footnotes to a Happy Marriage

By A WIFE

(*Scribner's for January*)

HAPPY marriage is undramatic; nobody says anything about it in the newspapers or novels; but inasmuch as my husband and I have made a glowing success of five years of it, I want to set down a few of our rules.

Since much which made marriage difficult in our grandparents' time has disappeared, and science has aided us in so many ways, happy marriages should be numerous; but they are not. Only two couples out of ten we know are living in undisturbed bliss; divorce is all too fashionable and happy marriage not smart. My husband thinks that people do not expect to be happy after marriage and so are not; I disagree with him, for I think that everyone who goes into matrimony thinks that this particular venture will be different from others. And that, of course, is important in making a marriage happy. I should like to argue for a fifty-year plan of matrimony—for a method of helping children to grow up to believe that a beautiful and successful marriage is the real goal of life, and that nothing more worthwhile exists.

In our notes on a happy marriage, I find that willingness to please one another has been important. At first my husband always left the cap off the tooth-paste; now he screws it on so tight that I cannot get it off, but I know he does it in an effort to please me, and appreciate it. Such little adjustments go far toward making marriage a gallant and humorous experience.

Between us we have never allowed the contempt which follows too much familiarity. We are polite to each other, and respect privacy. We don't burst into bedrooms without knocking; we don't open each others mail. We try not to embarrass each other in company. We've tried to build up an edifice of understanding and tolerance which pervades our daily life together and keeps our marriage vows in good condition. We shift the focus of our attention from ourselves to the other; and it seems to work.

Sex adjustment is, naturally important, but has little place in this discussion. We know that passion does not continue at its height through the years, but that it can be enriched by friendship, and renewed by a love that grows stronger constantly, into a reglowing.

Compromise is important, and must be on both sides. One partner may dominate in certain fields, but need not do it with offending determination. Talking things over and out without rancor is the first lesson to be learned by both partners.

Finances cause many rifts in the matrimonial lute, so we have worked out a practically frictionless plan. I keep the books and pay all the bills, and

*Used by permission.

keep check book, receipts and bills in a large envelope which my husband can study at any time. He compares his own checks with the budget, enters his expenditures, and together we go over the entire affair once a month to see how it is getting along. Now it does not savor of criticism for one of us to say to the other, "We can't afford that this month." We both know it, and agree. We have short vacations from each other every once in awhile, but not extended ones which show us that we can get along nicely alone. And we have no sympathy with the idea that flirtations are safe and harmless.

Another thing we try to do, and one which I would underline is what I might call *"Avoiding the 'Situation.'"* It is a small thing, but one which is often fraught with serious consequences. A headache or an attack of indigestion may precipitate an avalanche of hard words, and a discussion started during that hungry hour just before dinner, or when a woman is not feeling well, may bring on a real quarrel. These artificial situations of dislike, contempt and petty bickering can be avoided so easily. Marriage is not a reform school and human nature does not change over night—and yet we still go on expecting miracles to happen. My husband and I figured out which traits in the other's character were annoying, and also ways to overcome that annoyance; and we succeeded.

A sense of humor can do much to smooth the way; but I do not mean teasing or "wise-cracking." The ability to see the funny side of a thing is worth much. We try also to let no third person interfere in our personal affairs. Friends, in-laws, and children all have their own places, but outside the circle of our confidential understanding with each other. We discuss our children and their problems when they are out of the way, and before them we try to present an undivided front on all matters of policy and discipline.

If the first five years are really the hardest, then these footnotes cover the adjustments of an important phase of our married life. Will anyone know what I mean when I say that the little things are the big things? But of course, I haven't said a word about the real crux of the matter—the magic understanding that all couples who are in love possess but cannot put into words. But we know it is there, and try to keep it alive because it means more to us than anything else in the world! That's the whole story.

The Jargon of Psychology

By W. BERAN WOLFE, M. D.
(*Forum for February*)

EVER since someone discovered the "psychological moment," America has become so psychology-conscious that the vocabulary of the psychologists has become the language of the street. Advertisers tie up new collar ads with inferiority complexes; cub reporters speak glibly of "split personalities." Repressions and inhibitions are freely discussed in college and stenographers go to be psychoanalyzed. Much of this terminology is used with little or no understanding of its real scientific meaning.

The word "psychology" really means the science of the soul, but many of the experiments with white rats and their mates have little to do with either the soul or science. A "psychiatrist" means, literally, a physician of the soul, but many of them, if asked concerning a sick soul, would say "We will leave souls to theologians." Psychology has come to mean a study of human behavior, in terms of its social, occupational, experimental and religious aspects. Many so-called psychologists should be called psychometrists—those who measure behavior according to definite arbitrary scales or tests.

There are several schools of analytic psychiatry, most of which are concerning themselves largely with the treatment of neuroses—a state between the ideal of normal behavior and the various orders of abnormalities. A neurosis is not really a disease at all, but an evasion of some of life's inevitable problems—social, occupational or sex adjustment. A neurosis may cripple an individual just as completely as a broken leg or an attack of heart disease, but in reality it is a condition based on ignorance or fear. Five hundred years ago it was supposed that these came about as a result of the presence of evil spirits; now various psychologists of the Freudian school have created other spirits to take the blame; and they are just as evil.

Dr. C. G. Jung, a brilliant apostate from the Freudian cult, is responsible for the introduction of the popular terms "introversion" and "extraversion." These words describe very common types of human conduct. The *introvert* lives an inner life, contenting himself with metaphysics, introspection, phantasy, philosophy, self-remorse, doubt and so on. An *extravert*, on the other hand, lives an external life. He studies golf rather than Spinoza, and prefers Irving Berlin to Bach. He is sociable, athletic, active. He likes to live rather than think about living. The one drawback to these clear-cut classifications is that they are considered unchangeable attributes of a personality, rather than merely convenient descriptions of conduct. And people are not unchangeable. A daydreaming philosopher will vault a fence as quickly as an athlete, chased by an angry bull. He does not merely meditate upon the advisability and possible advantages and disadvantages of vaulting the fence.

Of all misused psychological terms, the nervous breakdown covers the widest multitude of sins. It is true that in certain organic diseases the nerves do break down, but this term is used to cover all forms of neurotic behavior in which the individual is no longer able to carry on his responsibilities. In certain instances it has been made clear that a nervous breakdown occurs as a protective measure; one in court is especially interesting, in that many key witnesses, not wishing to testify, became ill and could not appear. It is true that a man can say "No" with his liver, his stomach or his heart as effectively as with his voice.

Running the nervous breakdown a close second in popularity is the "inferiority complex," brain child of Adlerian psychology. Adler points out the fact that every child's place in life is so insecure as to give him a feeling of inadequacy. If this is not compensated in some effective manner, the individual never gets rid of his feeling of uselessness, and uses what may be called "plus gestures" to bolster up feeling of self-esteem. With a woman it may be buying a new hat when her spirits are low; with a man, the acquiring of the most dashing automobile he can find. But no matter what form the gesture takes, it is a smoke screen to hide from the world the opinion which an individual, suffering from an inferiority complex, has of himself.

As new sciences of psychiatry and psychology invade ever-widening fields of activity, it is clear that much of the old terminology will have to change to fit the new understanding. Psychology has come out into the open where it belongs, and is no longer a handmaiden of philosophy and a flunky of physiology. What the best modern psychologists are interested in is the relativity of all human relationships and behavior. The new psychology will bear the same relation to the old that Einstein theories bear to Newton's concepts.

Mas Cartas de Amigo

By

Estelle Webb Thomas

Picture by Cornelius Vanderende

In which Ramon is offered a home with his Uncle in the U. S. on the condition that he will leave his Amigo behind in Mexico.

All day Amigo walked around in a circular manner, fastened to a pole which turn a wheel.

ALAMO GRANDE, Chi. Mexico.
December 15—
Miss Bronson, My most beautiful and never-forgot teacher:

It is with the highest of joy and astonish that your most kindly letter reach my presence by the hand of this peon Jose with which my old Padre trust this most precious writing to give into my keeping.

As you will observe by the top heading of my very uncorrect correspondence I am near San Josefa in the house of my once aged grandmother no more. It is a long telling of my removal also Amigo from these scenes of childhood as you have taught in the song regarding the bucket of oak.

This, then, is the cause of my removal from those scenes. When my so dear grandmother have return to the dust, the Padre give advice I shall now return to the U. S.

I have write this correspondence to my uncle regarding the death of the so kind mother of his wife, and give the large hint I will now again accept the thankful shelter of his roof. I make mention of Amigo of whom I have speak often in past time. I make hint of how he will be convenient for the little Gomezes of my uncle's house to learn horse-riding. I make bolder in the last end of my correspondence how I cannot part away from my one true friend in this so dear country of Mexico, for the Padre, who is also my friend, is old with great age and will soon return to the presence of Our Lady, whom he has served so well. After these weeks have passed by I receive reply correspondence of my uncle. My uncle have write with shortness. It is his daughter, Maria, for my uncle has not knowledge of the reading and writing.

MARIA have say in the words of my uncle that he are pleased to make offer of his roof to my head, of his food to my stomach and his bed to my back, but he remark with firmness he have no moneys that burros may ride on trains like white man. He make advice I shall sell Amigo and buy these clothing for return to U. S. He inclose moneys for one ticket on train to U. S. He advice that I return with suddenness.

I have sorrow in the correspondence of my uncle. I have more sorrow when I read this to the Padre and he tell my uncle is correct. I have feeling Amigo is my only friend in my possession. For many days I think. I talk of these things with Amigo. He says nothings, but his big, beautiful eyes have faith I will not desert him with heartlessness. After a large time I have write this reply to my uncle. I thank him with kindness for his great offers so hospitable, also his moneys which I must now return as it has no usefulness for me. I tell him with respect that he has not sell his Maria, nor his little Francisco, nor any of his little Gomezes for fine clothing. Thus I will not sell my Amigo for same, if I have but my serape between me and the climate. I then make respectful statement that we will return bothly or not any.

THE Padre has anger that I have been so unwisely. I think my uncle also have anger. He make no reply letter. The Padre is old. He has povery of earthly treasure. I am young. Also strong. I will not longer eat idly his bread. So, with sadness for the grave of my grandmother and my good Padre, I mount upon the broad back of my Amigo, and seek forth my fortunes.

San Josefa has not the work sufficient for the fathers of the little children. Amigo and I do not throw away time in this place but

(*Continued on page* 298)

A Daughter of *Martha*

CHAPTER EIGHT

As soon as she realized what she held in her hand, Gloria jumped from bed, dressed and swept the floor with meticulous care. She sifted the dirt through the flour sieve. As a reward, she held twelve diamonds in her hand. Diamonds that had a history which they could not relate; that had traveled ten thousand miles; that represented toil and struggle, privation and death. Gloria laughed and wept as she thought of the cunning of her father in outwitting the uncertain modes of travel. Letters containing a paltry sum of money had been rifled, but the crate of insignificant gourds had never been molested. Upon closer examination she found a round mark in the elaborate carving of each gourd. On one it was the squash, where the grinning monkey could not hold out his hand. Another, it was the center of the Kafir's shield; another a wagon wheel, another a round stone at the river's edge, where the natives washed. Each little round circle had been removed, the diamonds dropped in and the circle carefully replaced with glue. With the blinds drawn, trembling with excitement, Gloria and Claire opened the other eleven gourds with a sharp knife. Each gourd held exactly twelve diamonds. One hundred and forty-four stones lay before them on a piece of old black velvet. It seemed incredible. Gloria thought of the years of poverty, of the last slice of bread she had given to her mother, of the dandelions sweetened with a tallow candle. She thought of Peter's leaky shoes; of her own, soleless; of the time they could not afford a pane of glass for Aunt Catherine's window. How their fortunes would have been altered if the gourd had broken when Peter threw it in Aunt Catherine's face!

"We're rich!" she whispered the startling words to Claire. The new rich Americans, the war rich middle class people, had money to burn. They could not spend it fast enough. Money for autos, for radios, for elaborate homes, for jewelry. They were having their fling, flaunting their money at the world. Diamonds were selling at a premium—she could almost name her price.

"O Aunty Glory, I'm glad I broke the Kafir warrior!" cried Claire, shivering in her excitement. "Now you can close your bakery, and buy beautiful clothes and never work again!"

The two women spent the remainder of the night in happy, glorious planning, and it was well, for the day brought its grief.

SOLDIERS leaving, bands playing martial music, women crying hysterically. Gas masks to fight the poison fumes which were a part of this dreadful conflict. Caterpillar tanks—smoke screens—air raids—submarines, these terms became common between rich and poor. Boys in the mud and desolation of the trenches. Women doing men's work in shops, mills and factories. Men penetrating the forests for choice wood; ship yards almost over night. Comfort bags for the soldiers, containing everything but the ability to sew. Knitting circles. Rich women driving to Gloria's little shop, to take lessons in purling.

How could she do it? When had she learned? How did she keep from dropping stitches? How did she manage to feed her yarn evenly? Gloria smiled remembering the sock a day which had been her allotted task in her youth, as she herded the cows and sang to imaginary audiences. The needles flew in her fingers, the balls of yarn became miraculously smaller, the sweaters assumed proper proportions. Mrs. Judge Conrad tearfully displayed a note which had come back to her from a soldier, who had received her laboriously made sweater.

"I like my sweater—it is sure some fit—
Perhaps you can sing, but you sure can't
knit!"

I KNOW one sleeve was two inches longer than the other. and the neck wasn't just right, but I did the best I knew," her voice was shaky. "You see I never had to do such things when I was young."

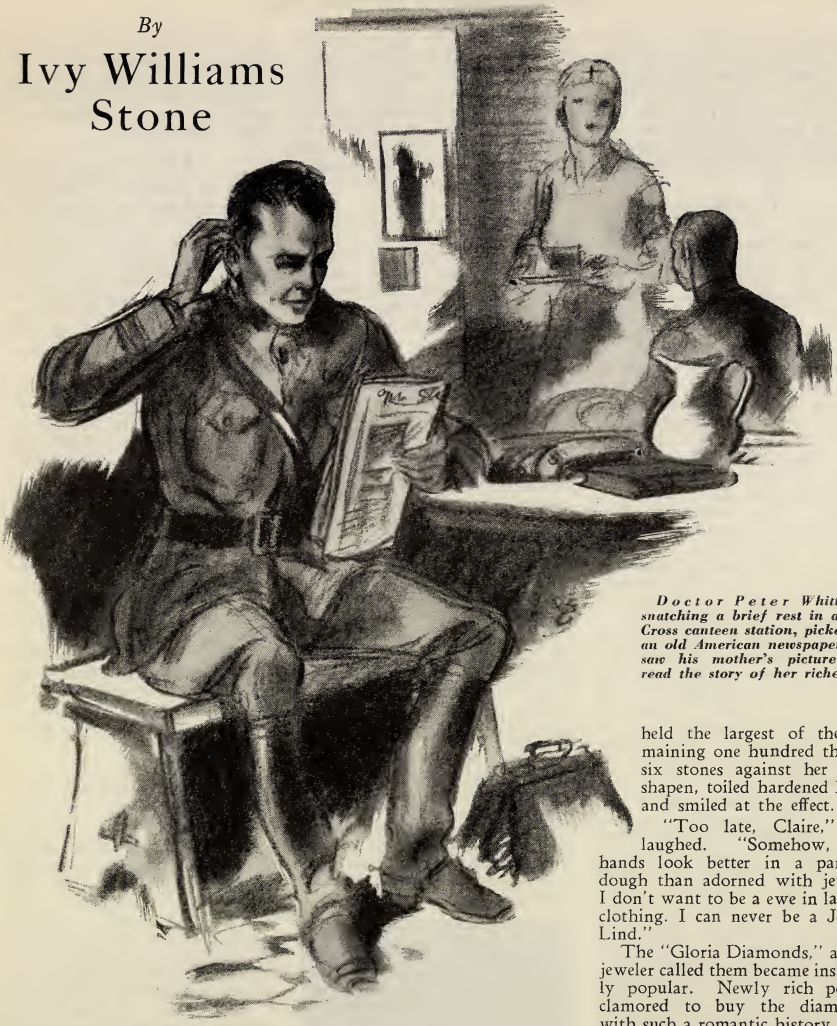
"Never mind," comforted Gloria, "It will keep him warm, and he was only having some fun. You see, when men get so close to death they have to joke, or they would die. I know. It was that way with the twins in their nurse training. A doctor could be doing his very best with life hanging in the balance, but still they would joke. They have to—the strain is too terrible."

Nancy and Francis had a son who wrote to his grandmother dutifully once a month, in a queer foreign language which she could not decipher. It seemed strange to have a grandson speaking the native tongue of a South American country better than his own. Francis Conrad had received recognition for his research work on a very rare moth. They were close to the jungle. The boy had a native teacher, a native nurse.

The food commission and rations. Sugar substitutes. Karo—corn syrup—molasses—honey. Substitutes for the good old fashioned flour. Corn flour—rye flour—oatmeal. The Parker House

By

Ivy Williams Stone



Doctor Peter Whittman, snatching a brief rest in a Red Cross canteen station, picked up an old American newspaper and saw his mother's picture and read the story of her riches.

rolls were replaced with an oatmeal honey cookie which won instant popularity. No more all white flour bread, but at that her customers increased. She seemed able to disguise the substitutes into palatable foods. Women were too busy to cook. Gloria baked longer hours, used second hand sacks, saved every bit of twine. White was creeping into the red curls, turning it to burnished gold.

ONE diamond was saved for each of her brothers. There was no Margaret Kirkman to share in the general happiness over the fortune, but her brothers would feel a sentiment over those stones. Each of her four children should have one too. To keep. Perhaps Florence would have toleration for the queer, old fashioned gourds when she learned what they contained. Then Gloria held the largest of the remaining one hundred thirty-six stones against her misshapen, toiled hardened hand and smiled at the effect.

"Too late, Claire," she laughed. "Somehow, my hands look better in a pan of dough than adorned with jewels. I don't want to be a ewe in lamb's clothing. I can never be a Jenny Lind."

The "Gloria Diamonds," as the jeweler called them became instantly popular. Newly rich people clamored to buy the diamonds with such a romantic history. The story of their history got into the papers. Photographers came to take Gloria's picture, with the diamonds spread out before her, the empty gourds arranged at the side.

"She was born in a chicken coop and they found the diamonds under the bed," one purchaser displayed her diamond with keen delight. "Think of it. For over forty years those gourds decorated the parlor, or lay about, and she and her children were cold and

hungry and starving." The story grew fabulously. Her father had lain, dying of thirst, with the diamonds in a sack around his waist. He had been tied to an ant hill. He had been killed by Kafirs. Indians had passed up the gourds in disgust, to steal a bolt of red calico.

YOUNG Doctor Peter Whittman, snatching a brief rest in a Red Cross canteen station, picked up an old American newspaper and saw his mother's picture and read the story of her riches. The face that had been grim from a contact with horror and death, relaxed into a smile. He forgot he was hungry—forgot he was cold. His memory flashed back to a parlor in a country farm house and a big piano and an old lady who was industriously singing: "God Save the Queen!" And a boy who picked up one of those precious gourds and struck her in the face. What would have happened had the gourd broken then? Would he have been here in a trench—a doctor saving humanity, learning, first hand, that marvelous new science of plastic surgery. Would he have struggled to attain an education and training if riches had been at his beck and call? Without sacrifice, without personal effort, nothing was ever attained that was worth while. He was glad the diamonds had not come until now. Now Mother could be idly rich for the remainder of her life.

Within a month after Claire dropped the gourd, the last diamond had been sold and Gloria looked at her bank account in amazement. What in the world should she do with so much money? To a woman who had once been hungry for bread, who had hidden egg money in a crock on the cellar floor, the sudden possession of thirty thousand dollars seemed a munificent sum. What should she do with it? There were no children with leaky shoes—no little girls to educate, no hungry mouths needing properly balanced diets. Claire already had the best glass eye she could buy—her simple wants were satisfied, there was no longer a mortgage on the lot. Riches which she did not need—she smiled ironically.

UNDER the pressure of war time shipment, the Union Pacific railroad found need to double track their grade through the canyon. At a convenient point a long narrow neck of suitable gravel seemed to beckon them. This gravel point belonged to the foster son of old Jonas Whittman, and many men still worked on that railroad who remembered Jonas and his vision, and who had scoffed at his purchase. Even Rodney was moved to deeper respect for the father who had had such vision. Even at the nominal price of "a dollar a dump" money began to pile up for Bruce Knight.

Long dormant energy and ambition began to pulse within him. He felt an urge to clean up the premises, to rebuild the barns. He found that a gas engine was more effective at cutting wood than human energy; that water running into a house and out of a house was not such an unattainable luxury as it had once seemed. And behind his every idea, urging him, encouraging him, praising him, came Lulu. She asked his opinion, yielded to his decisions, studied his likes, until a physical peace and comfort crept into his every day life. He no longer had to wear the old army coat. He did not have to use an old felt hat, or ask for money for shoes. He stood straighter, looked his neighbors in the face, took his place in the community. The cloak of assurance and self respect and self confidence that had belonged to Jonas Whittman was slowly showing itself to fit the shoulders of Bruce. But a dull queer ache was ever present. Although the library was never locked now, there was no little girl to wander stealthily in to read. So far, Claire had expressed no desire to return to the mother who had deserted her in her hour of need—

Moonrise on the Duchesne

she continued to refuse the hospitality of a father who had cowed her youth. Only two places at a bounteous table, where there might have been three. "Vengeance is Mine," said the Lord.

GOLD stars began to appear in windows. White faced women and grim visaged men came into the bakery, made their purchases, left in silence. A sorrow too deep for sympathy. Would it never end? Gloria rose early to mix her breads and baked all day long in the hot, stuffy kitchen. "Work, please God, give me work and more work, so I cannot think!"

Then at noon on November tenth, when the hills were wrapped in a hazy blue, whistles began to blow. People stopped their work—sirens—auto horns—shop whistles—anything capable of producing sound added its bit. The Kaiser had abdicated; Gloria stood at her door, handing out cookies to the hilarious children who ran past. She thought of her grandparents and the Napoleonic wars. The Kaiser had run away. Napoleon had run away. A hundred years apart two men had had dreams of world supremacy. Three hundred men in one well at Waterloo. The old Roman road—the German blockade. Napoleon at Elba, spending his days to write a queer, reversible line:

"Able was I ere I saw Elba."

What would the Kaiser write?

THE eleventh month—the eleventh day—the eleventh hour. The Armistice and pandemonium broke loose! No telephone service—no deliveries—everybody celebrating. A nation crazed with joy and relief. Across the street from the bakery Mrs. Goldberg was not celebrating. A message and a gold star were hers.

Peter wrote a brief letter. His work was just beginning. Plastic surgery—facial surgery—reconstructive bone work—restorative surgery. Grafting of bone and tissue from one part of the body to another. Making over the men who had been partially shot to pieces. A fascinating, marvelous work. He was able to take a battle-scarred, disfigured soldier and remake his face. The only drawback was expense. It took time and money and patience. New

(*Continued on page* 313)

A Glimpse *at the* Fort Hall Boarding School

By

C. P. Shaffer

NORTH of Pocatello, Idaho, some fifteen miles on the Snake River, is a historic spot called Fort Hall. In the early history of the West, Fort Hall played an important part in the events of time. It was the dividing point in the trail to California and Oregon. What mind can fail to picture those early scenes, trappers, adventurers, soldiers, Indians—the slow plodding of teams, ever going westward.

The relentless march of progress caused the Indians to protect their hunting grounds; battles were fought, but bows and arrows could not compete with soldiers armed with rifles.

Gradually the Indians were confined to reservations and Fort Hall Reservation became the home of the Bannock and Shoshone tribes.

"Uncle Sam" started very early in his contact with the Indians to give them an education and fit them for American citizenship. About fifty years ago a small school was built on the Fort Hall Reservation, near the present site of Blackfoot. We can picture the scenes of those days. Police brought in the older boys and girls. The pupils went to school a half day and spent the other half in working around the school. The bread was baked in a crude oven; the girls did the weekly wash in a trough with the assistance of wash boards. The frame building was warmed with wood stoves and education was administered to the tune of a hickory stick.

ABOUT thirty years ago the old Fort Hall school near Blackfoot was abandoned and a new school was begun on the present site. This institution has gradually grown from a school of some fifty pupils to record attendance of 221 pupils for the year 1931-32.

Drawings made by Indian children.

Center: School building at Fort Hall.

The contrast today and fifty years ago is almost beyond belief. Today electric motors pump the water; the cows are milked by milking machines; two employees do the weekly wash with modern equipment; the dishes are washed and the tables set in half an hour with the aid of modern dishwashing equipment; the cakes and bread are mixed by modern machines; the baking is done in electric ovens. One employee looks after the heating plant and the Indian boys and girls enjoy all day school at a normal age.

It is no wonder that the police had to round up the pupils; but today the Indian boys and girls are eager to come to a school where the central feature is education—and not work. All children seem to be alike in that respect.

The children bathe twice a week, and receive daily care in the school hospital, thus all skin eruptions and colds are kept down to a minimum. Adequate play ground equipment is provided for the playgrounds, and it is in use all the time.

GRADUALLY a morale of American citizenship is being built up to a point where eventually the once roaming tribesman, dependent on the bounty of all America, will take his place as a community unit and do his bit to perpetuate the institutions for which American life stands.

The Uintah Boarding School
Whiterocks, Utah

◆

By

Louie Coe Roberts

In Charge of Academic Work

Left: ***School buildings at Uintah Boarding School.***

Center: ***Students at Indian School.***

Below: ***Most of the children entitled to benefits of the school are enrolled.***

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THE Uintah Boarding School is located on the Uintah and Ouray reservation, Whiterocks, Utah. It is in the foothills of the beautiful Uintah Mountains. The purpose of the school is to give the Indian boys and girls an education and so fit them that as they go out into the world they may not be strangers. The school was established about 1896 or near that date—records are not complete. The reservation is under the supervision of a Superintendent who is a faithful adviser and is assisted by a Principal and a large corps of assistants in their various lines of activities.

The present enrollment of the school is one hundred and fifty-four and a few cases of truancy may be found which is a weakness of all parents who do not understand the valuation of an education. The housing facilities include some twenty buildings. Farming and stock raising is a major project in which the children take a great deal of interest. The school maintains an excellent garden and provides an ample supply of vegetables for the children. A good breed of Holstein cattle is furnishing an abundant supply of milk for each child.

The present educational conditions do not require us to teach beyond the sixth grade. After completing this grade it is considered best to finish in a non-reservation institution where facilities are the best to be had. Our work is scheduled and follows the system of the public schools as far as it is possible. We hope to prepare each Indian child to be able to compete with any one in educational work. Every child is interested in some form of industrial work. We meet these interests by offering such courses as home-training, sewing, and manual-training.

INDIAN children and more especially those who are retarded have some special artistic abilities and these are supported by a very thorough course in art that is suitable for the particular individual. Nature study is an appealing subject to practically every pupil.

Athletics are encouraged and supported for the benefit of every child. Basket-ball, baseball, and track are the most (*Continued on page* 292)

A Vanished People

Walnut Canyon, Arizona, was once the home of a people who have long since entirely vanished. It is but one of many such canyons, but it is interesting in relics, according to Mrs. Seemann.

By

Clara Freestone Seemann

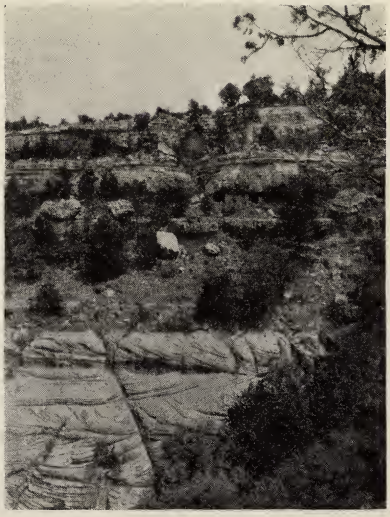
The village might have been constructed for a hiding place.

Dwellings which cling to the sides of Walnut Canyon.

CLINGING to the precipitous sides of Walnut Canyon, in northern Arizona, are the dwellings of a vanished people, built nearly nine hundred years ago. Many of the walls, intact even now, tell their story of the intelligence of their builders, through the symmetry and accuracy of their masonry.

This deep canyon, zigzagging through the high mesa for twenty miles or more, was an ideal place for the homes of these prehistoric builders, both for protection from the elements and from their enemies.

On the sunny southern walls of the canyon one can imagine the comfort of these retreats, when winter beat with furious hands above the canyon. Later, when the cold spring winds swept over the mesa, these snug dwellings, hidden beneath the overhanging limestone cliffs, must have been a pleasant place indeed to live.



THESE cliff dwellings are located about ten miles southwest of Flagstaff. A ranger station is near the trail that leads down into the canyon, and here one can learn much of the geology of the exposed rocks, and see many relics that have been picked up in the abandoned village, and on the mesa above. A flattened skull, found among the ruins, leads archeologists to conclude that these Indians were of the same type as the pueblo builders. A small piece of carpet has been found, which indicates the skill and industry of its weavers. The texture is fine, and woven of yucca fibre.

(*Continued on page* 293)

National Council of Women

APPROXIMATELY 5,000,000 club women throughout the United States have pledged their cooperation in one of the most dramatic and spectacular projects which has ever engaged the attention of organized womanhood in America, the National Council of Women announces. Its 21 member organizations of which the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association is one, will unite in an exhibit at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago in 1933 which will demonstrate the monumental accomplishments of women along cultural, philanthropic and welfare lines during the past one hundred years.

THAT there may be an even more tangible record of achievements than this purely visual one, a nationwide research into the history and program of women's organizations has been started. The findings will be used as the basis of a book on the history of the woman movement written by an eminent woman author and published at the time of the Exposition.

In addition the National Council of Women will sponsor an International Congress in connection with the Exposition which women from many countries will attend.

At a dinner given by the National Council of Women, last November, the challenging nature of the task which confronts the

clubwomen of the United States was made plain by the various addresses. Mr. Dawes pointed out that the Exposition represents an attempt to translate visually man's utilization of the products of the machine age in terms of human comfort and welfare.

"The function of women in connection with the Century of Progress will be to breathe into a machine-made, man-made exposition, the fine, spiritual vision of organized womanhood," said Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson, associate editor of the Woman's Home Companion.

THE plan for the participation of the National Council originated with the late Dr. Anna Garlin Spencer, for many years a leader in the woman movement. To cooperate means, therefore, an opportunity to express appreciation of the great contribution made by Dr. Spencer.

Announcement that the individual organizations connected with the Council will have no financial burden with relation to the Century of Progress was made; for the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, impressed with the dignity of the Chicago program and anxious to extend its friendly relationships with women's groups has agreed to finance these three projects.

The first step towards accomplishing them will be a campaign to secure the signatures of one million American women to petitions asking foreign governments to send women of highest distinction to the Congress.

A THOROUGH organization will be adopted for the signature campaign. Correlating Committees representing the organizations connected with the Council will be formed in 1,100 cities and towns throughout the United States. Special registers will be provided for signatures and placed in Postal Telegraph-Cable Company offices in these cities. In towns where Postal telegrams are sent by telephone only, the petitions will go directly to the Presidents of local organizations. Throughout the progress of the campaign, speeches and radio broadcasts will carry news of the National Council projects to representative men's and women's groups and will stimulate interest in signing the petitions. The campaign will be carried on intensively from February 1st to May 1st.

The Uintah Boarding School

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interesting sports. The school has one of the best gymnasiums to be found in the country for indoor athletic activities.

The health condition of the children is efficiently cared for by a government physician who visits them daily and oftener if necessary. Everything that medical skill can do is done for the children.

Many of the customs of former days is passing with its generation. The educational system and its practice of today does not merit these customs. Tribal ceremonies and dances are fast diminishing. Although the bear dance and the sun dance are held each year the interest is not so effective as in the days of yore.

VARIOUS industrial divisions which offer an opportunity for those who choose or are detailed to work are—carpenter shop work, plumbing and heating through the engineering department, farm problems through the government farmer, gardening and stock raising in the same department, and sewing and cooking in the domestic science department.

The standards of the Uintah boarding school are being raised each year. Every effort is being made to place the Indian on an equal basis with the competitors. Our course of study conforms to the best of regulations, similar to those used in the public schools. Every child is urged to be present on the first day of school and stay until the last day of school. Our attendance report indicates that this year is the best year in the history of the school. Only a few children entitled to the privileges of an Indian ward are not in the school or are in some public school of the country.

Keep Sweet

By
GEORGE H. BRIMHALL
President Emeritus, Brigham Young University

A COLLEGE co-ed said of a young woman, "She's a bird."

"Yes," said his chum, "She's two birds, a society dove and a home 'swak.' But really she is not a college type of girl, for most of them are real canaries, sweet everywhere." The college is calling, "Keep Sweet."

Bill's father was a large individual, the thing that occupies space, but as a personality, that which shows culture, he was small. Bill grew up to be a sort of imitative domestic boss. He had three voices, one for Dad, fearfully respectful, one for Mother, raspfully arrogant, and one for the telephone, guardfully pleasant. He hung to the latter and became a radio announcer. The telephone and the radio are saying, "Keep Sweet."

Bill had a sister who became a Bachelor and one day she said sweetly, "Dad, I wish you could have heard what a man said to Mother this morning," and then she reproduced the tone and words of the man side of a domestic nagging contest that she had heard earlier in the day. *The* man looked at her in amazement and after recovering from the shock said, "I would knock a man down for speaking that way to my wife." The New Woman is courageously saying to the New Man, "Keep Sweet."

Out of one of the biggest business houses in the state came a good spender with this story: "I went in there to buy two guns." The hunting season was on. "The fellow behind the counter was as sour as a lemon, I shall find another hardware store." Commerce is commanding, "Keep Sweet."

A father lifted his little daughter up for a kiss and saw a scowl on her face. At her recoil he said, "What's the matter?" Her eyes met his and she said, "Smoke!" Childhood is pleading, "Keep Sweet."

Some suggestions on *Keeping Sweet*:

1. Give belief the right of way over doubt. The doubting habit hurts happiness. It sours spirituality.
2. Shun fault-finding. It is a negative that breeds nagging which is homemade hades.
3. Remember that nothing sours the self like slander.
4. Never permit yourself to be betrayed by the kiss of the "Camel" or any of its bill-boarded kin. Cigarettes contain character-killing germs.
5. In all your cultivation cultivate kindness. It is the essence of Culture.

In tones I like to hear
From one I would be near
Came these two words of cheer,
"Keep Sweet."
I conned the sentence o'er
The message that it bore
Straight pointed to the core
Of life complete.

A Vanished People

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According to "Museum Notes" issued by the Northern Arizona Museum, many fossil types have been found in the limestone cliffs, one peculiar thing being the abundance of fossil sponges. Many shells are also found, some species of these animals are living today, about fifty kinds being found, mostly in the tropical seas.

Dr. Harold S. Colton, of the University of Pennsylvania, and now a resident of Flagstaff, has spent a number of years studying what the vandals of the past have left of these cliff houses. It is only recently that a definite date has been computed for their building. By tree rings it is estimated that they were begun in 936 A. D. Tree rings also place the building of the Indian pueblos at about the same date.

DR. COLTON favors the idea that the Indians built their homes in the canyon for a retreat from their enemies, rather than for a permanent home. The dwellings are not of communal type and are too small to accommodate large families for a long period of time. Then too, the pueblo ruins, within ten or fifteen miles of these dwellings, were apparently built at about the same time.

Following this line of reasoning, it is quite believable that the village, hidden so securely, might have been constructed for a hiding place. It is almost inaccessible except from one point, a shallow canyon, down which the trail now leads. To guard this entrance would have been the only problem of defense. A lurking enemy appearing on the rim could easily have been picked off by an arrow.

Ruins of fort-like buildings, set on promontories, have been discovered in the canyon, to support the theory that the entire village was one large fortress.

ON the mesa above the Indians maintained cultivated fields in little parks in the forest of junipers to the northeast of the village, where one can often pick up remains of their broken stone hoes.

The construction of the houses insured cleanliness, as the walls were smoothly plastered. Narrow "T" shaped doors were the entrances, with loop holes for light. The fires were evidently built on the center of the mud floor, and the smoke, after blackening the stone ceiling, found its way out through the ventilator over the doorway.

A TRAIL to water led down to the right of the entry-trail to a pool in the canyon. The creek bed is now dry, through the building of the Lake Mary dam to the south. However, water can easily be reached by digging in the sand, even when the surface appears dry.

The dwellings, thirty in number, are easily visited by following the trail from the ranger station. All open onto a ledge on either side of the canyon, which makes footing sure and safe.

Forty years ago these interesting relics of the past were intact and contained important objects left by their inhabitants. Now they stand a monument to vandalism, devastated by the pot hunters, and valuable findings scattered and lost. So the complete story of Walnut Canyon cliff dwellers will never be told.

A Delightsome People

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pel of Christ it might prove interesting to conclude this sketch with the recital of a remarkable experience had by President Edward J. Wood and others of the church authorities at Cardston with a group of Indians from the province of Saskatchewan.

THE story as related to me describes a dream and its fulfillment of a Cree chief by the name of Yellow Face. This incident dates back a number of years when a dignified Indian who called himself Yellow Face appeared in Cardston along with twenty families seeking a good trapping region. They had a written language the characters of which were found to be similar to those on the facsimiles in the Pearl of Great Price.

They met President Wood who treated them with characteristic kindness allowing them to trap on church lands and locating as they did near Mountain View the Indians mingled freely with the members of the ward there. They attended many of the church services, also the ward reunion, and at the end of the trapping season returned to their home.

The following spring the Crees returned. This time they became more friendly and invited one of the bishops of the Alberta stake to a council of chiefs at the head of which was Yellow Face. The bishop spoke on the principles of the gospel in a general way, the chiefs exhibiting little real interest. A second time they invited him to their council fire. As he entered the tent, the bishop says, he felt deeply moved to speak on the Book of Mormon. As soon as he mentioned a "Book" the solemn-faced group around the fire became instantly alert and as he told them of the Book, the history of their forefathers, they became so stirred that it was difficult for him to proceed.

When the bishop concluded his talk, Yellow Face arose with great dignity and all eyes centered upon him. And this is the story he told:

"The year before our company came here first I was taken very sick, and was told by someone of my Indian people who had been dead for many years that I would soon be better. But I would get sick again and that when I did, I would die, but my family should not think I was dead and bury me, for I was not to be buried until my body was cold all over. When I woke up I called my family together and also the council of five chiefs of which I was a member, and I told them of my dream. They laughed at me as they did not believe me, but I was afraid. Time went on and one day some time afterward, I was taken very sick, and at once feared my dream would come true, so I warned my family not to be in a hurry to bury me even if I died till they were sure I was cold all over.

I GOT weaker and weaker until I left my body and I went away among a lot of Indians that I knew were dead; some I knew, and some I did not for they had been dead so long. But they were really not dead at all, and I could not understand it all, and they told me that to die was only to leave the body for your folks to take care of, and I would be where they (the dead) were. But as for me I had to go back and use my body again for several years. They said I was to go among the white people till I found a Book that told of the history of these dead Indians who really were not dead. I asked them how I would know these people who had the Book and they gave me five keys by which I would know the people who had the Book that would tell my live Indian friends all about who they were and about their dead relatives, as follows:

"First, they will let you camp on their own land, and trap and hunt; second, they will treat you like one of them in business with them; third, they will invite you to their meetings and ask you to speak; fourth, they will ask you to sit with them at their tables to eat; they will visit you at your camp and their men will not bother your women nor molest any of you.

"When you find this people have them meet in your council and tell you what they believe, and they will tell you about this Book.

"I then woke up and found my wife and friends had about decided to bury me as I had seemed dead for some time and was cold all over except a small place over my heart. But when I came back and told them where I had been and that our Indian relatives were not dead at all, they wondered at me and when I told them I would pick about twenty families and travel till I found the Book they again wondered, but as they all believed in a God they would follow me. So in due time we made up our company and started and made many camps and traveled many seasons, but it was hard to find a people who answered the five keys till we landed among you as we find few people who are true friends of the Indian."

At the close of this story Yellow Face asked the bishop for the Book and a copy of the Book of Mormon was presented to him, and this he immediately placed among his treasures.

PRESIDENT WOOD in expanding on the story says that he later met Yellow Face who told him of how he had watched the Latter-day Saints and of his sitting beside President Wood at the ward reunion the year previous. He had taken note of the treatment accorded his people and described his surprise and joy when he was told the Indians might camp and trap on church lands. He said the Indians came three years in succession in order to see if the "Mormons" would change in their treatment of the Indians.

He called the Book of Mormon their "long lost book" and wrapped it among the tribal valuables which they always carry in a buckskin sack and hang apart from any other belongings on a tripod in front of the head chief's tepee. These sacred articles are guarded jealously by the tribe and are exhibited only on rare occasion, Yellow Face explained.

The Crees soon left after receiving their Book, journeying back to their own reservation seemingly happy in their great discovery.

Superintendent George Albert Smith

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ers, and learned how to extend the helping hand and say the saving word to those who most need it. This rare and priceless lesson he learned from George Albert Smith.

When you read between the lines and search the recesses of George Albert's life this conviction settles upon your soul: The deep, quiet currents which run through his life are the forces which have made possible his most supreme work. These silent forces live on and may come to the surface only once in a while but after all they are the forces that save society, bless mankind and make this earth a good place in which to live. He is not physically rugged but he is a dynamo that generates these salient and significant forces.

This is the great thing in his life and the thing for which men and women will rise up and call his name blessed. "I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." (Luke XV:10.)

IF you were to visit George Albert Smith in his modest but beautiful and attractive home on Yale Avenue in Salt Lake City you might be shown, among other relics, some splinters which fell upon his bed while he was lying upon the floor of a log cabin in Alabama. The house in which he and his missionary companions were staying was surrounded by a mob and fired upon. Their lives were saved by lying flat on the floor. These splinters were torn from the logs over his head by the hissing bullets.

To those who have come within the radius of his friendly influence it is difficult to understand how any one, friend or foe, could look upon him as an enemy, or to understand the motive that would prompt men to assail his life. He is a man of peace and all his life has cultivated good will toward men. Here is a creed written by his own pen upon paper and long since recorded in the daily deeds of his busy life. You can put this creed in the past tense and it epitomizes his life—this is what he has actually done. The great truths which he then aspired to teach and the things he wanted to preach are beautifully exemplified in his own life.

Read this creed and compare it with the record of his deeds.

"I would be a friend to the friendless and find joy in ministering to the needs of the poor. I would visit the sick and afflicted and inspire in them a desire for faith to be healed. I would teach the truth to the understanding and blessing of all mankind. I would seek out the erring one and try to win him back to a righteous and a happy life. I would not seek to force people to live up to my ideals but rather love them into doing the thing that is right. I would live with the masses and help to solve their problems that their earth life may be happy. I would avoid the publicity of high positions and discourage the flattery of thoughtless friends. I would not knowingly wound the feeling of any, not even one who may have wronged me, but would seek to do him good and make him my friend. I would overcome the tendency to selfishness and jealousy and rejoice in the successes of all the children of my Heavenly Father. I would not be an enemy to any living soul. Knowing that the Redeemer of mankind has offered to the world the only plan that will fully develop us and make us really happy here and hereafter I feel it not only a duty but a blessed privilege to disseminate this truth."

AN analysis of his character reveals another secret of his growth. He is a man of refined sensibilities, modest and unobtrusive, but possessing a lofty self-respect which has led him to constantly make the acquaintance and to diligently cultivate the companionship of men of the highest ideals. His supreme ideal was his father for whom he had almost a religious devotion.

It would be difficult to estimate what it means to a young man to contact great personalities. The touch with men of leadership and spiritual power, the association with triumphant and victorious souls is the greatest inspiration to growth and fine endeavor. This is the contact we all need most. He has mingled with the greatest and the best men of all parties and creeds and made friends for himself and his cause. He has known personally six presidents of the United States. Many United States senators, congressmen and governors are counted among his personal friends.

In Salt Creek Canyon

In his twenty-second year he married Lucy Emily Woodruff, a grand-daughter of the late President Wilford Woodruff, a woman of sublime faith and superior intelligence, possessing that matchless but indefinable gift of making a home a shrine. The natural beauty of the location with the shrubs and flowers surrounding it make this one of the most delightful and picturesque places in the entire city. More than four thousand tulips bloomed in this garden last season, and one afternoon they cut and sent to the hospitals of the city twenty-seven hundred shasta daisies. There is an atmosphere of comfort and tranquility about this fireside which can emanate only from warm and hospitable hearts. Distinguished visitors from Europe and America have been entertained here and have never forgotten it. This is a real home, typical of the finest and most fundamental institutions that men and women ever create. Lucy Smith has gone with her husband, cared for him in his sickness and sustained him in his endeavors as only a noble and devoted wife could do.

THEY have been blessed with two daughters: Emily, wife of Robert Murray Stewart, and Edith, wife of George O. Elliott, and a son. His only son, George Albert, Jr., is the sixth in his father's line to accept as divine the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. A companionship existing between this father and son is both an inspiration and a delight. These children have a proud ancestry and are altogether worthy of it.

He is a technician in the fine art of making friends. "Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends for it is one of God's best

gifts. It involves many things but, above all, the power of going out of one's self and appreciating what is noble in others." (Thomas Hughes.)

George Albert Smith's friendship is real; it is the expression of a sincere and refined soul. Some one has said that no man is useless while he has a friend. If a man's usefulness is measured by the number of his friends who could estimate the value of his life? He meets the daily problems, small or great, with a brave heart and with manly courage, always carrying with him a warm hand clasp and a friendly note in his voice.

ONE of the attractive sides of his character is his thoughtful and generous acts of kindness to the unfortunate and the poor. He has a smile and a cheerful word of encouragement and a warmth of feeling that wins for him the hearts of men. He is a sympathetic counselor, a delightful companion, a loyal and loving comrade. Wherever he goes he spreads the genial rays of kindness. This is the secret of many of his finest achievements.

The high and dominant note running all through his splendid life is his love for the truth and his devotion to the great Church to which he belongs. No matter how alluring other things have been he has never allowed them to conflict with or diminish his zeal for this work.

From his early manhood he has exhibited a quality of spiritual leadership of an uncommon kind. As a Sunday School teacher and superintendent he built up an organization that was the pride of the ward in which he lived and attracted the attention of Sunday School workers everywhere. Those who were associated with him in this work in the Seventeenth ward received an inspiration that has lasted them a life time.

He was chosen an apostle October 6, 1903. He has always been one of the most ardent and devoted workers in the entire Church. When his health would permit he traveled an average of more than thirty thousand miles a year and held on an average, one and one-half meetings per day. Physically he is not robust and has often worked beyond the limits of his strength.

IN June, 1919, he went with his family to preside over the European Mission, the activities of which were greatly curtailed as a result of the World War. He remained until August, 1921. Under his presidency the Mission was rehabilitated, the scattered saints were cheered and comforted and the entire work was quickened by his vitalizing touch. As president he displayed that rare quality of leadership which inspired his missionaries to rise to their very best. He won the allegiance and loyalty of all the Elders by his constant love and unfailing kindness. He could rise to great spiritual altitudes and speak with a lofty and convincing eloquence—at the same time he never overlooked the minutest detail when it came to administering the affairs of the Mission.

Almost from the beginning of Scouting in Utah he has been officially and actively associated with this movement both in a local and national capacity. At the present time he belongs to the National Council and is a member of the executive committee of Region Twelve.

He took the initiative in the organization of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association and is its president.

BOTH scouting and the preservation of our pioneer landmarks appeal to the very finest instincts of his soul and both will profit greatly thereby. He will bring to these movements not only his splendid ability and a consecrated heart but the great influence of his high office and the powerful support and cooperation of his numerous and influential friends. Under his tolerant and magnanimous leadership no group or sect or detail will be overlooked or neglected.

George Albert Smith descends from a line of men and women who belong to the nobility of the earth. The unselfish work which he has done and which he is now doing will secure for him a place among the nobility of God.

He-Walks-Straight-And-Never-Falls

WE ARE proud to announce that Elder Melvin J. Ballard, business manager of the *Improvement Era*, is a full-fledged member of the Blackfeet Tribe of Indians of Montana and Canada. Apostle Ballard was taken into the tribe a few years ago and was given the name: He-Walks-Straight-And-Never-Falls though, of course, the Blackfeet used their own tongue for the appropriate title.

This picture shows Elder Ballard among his Indian friends on the day of the ceremony. At his left with the tall head piece is the chief who was featured recently in full color in a contemporary magazine.

Motion Pictures

WHEN Critics Disagree who Shall Decide?" is the question asked by Mrs. Alice Ames Winter, a nationally recognized authority in the field of Motion Picture censorship, in an article by the same title. In order to show the difficulties of the producers in making their pictures fit the public mind. Mrs. Winter points out some of the glaring illustrations of differences of opinion on the same picture:

Very illuminating it is to size up the value of our own judgments by comparing them with those very different opinions expressed by other people, presumably people as wise and as public spirited and of as high moral standards as ourselves. Yet each of us is perfectly sure that our own brain is the absolute standard of the world for normal thinking. What we decide is so. Everyone else is either stupid or vicious.

Surely at the motion picture nerve centers one learns this by practical application.

The groups of women who do previewing are more or less of the same social strata. If from any cross section one would expect a certain uniformity, it would be from them. Here are some definite reactions. Concerning *Are These Our Children?* which two hundred of them saw in a studio preview, there came such written comments as these:

(1) "The picture, to my mind, is dynamic. It holds the interest throughout and if anything is a bit too stimulating. Surely it points a strong moral and forces the parents of today to stop, look and listen. The story has a strong appeal." (2) "Except for the acting and production excellence, it has nothing to recommend it. I think it is pernicious. The principal features are objectionable because the story seems written to display these scenes, as no real lesson is taught." (3) "I heartily recommend this picture. It will be the most talked-of picture in years, and one, I feel sure, that will make many parents realize the need of helping their children through a crisis that they (the parents) have not realized." (4) "A most gripping piece of work. Interest is intense, all too real, not entertainment, too sordid and tragic. It is a tremendous responsibility to recommend or condemn such a picture." (5) "It has no entertaining features. I do not approve of such a picture. It is demoralizing."

One Recommends Highly What Another Censures

So much for *Are These Our Children.* If that were the only picture about which doctors disagree, the situation would not be so difficult. Even about such a picture as *Personal Maid* one fine woman writes. "Not good entertainment. A strange story with a plot that would be farcical if it were not presented in all seriousness. Only Nancy Carroll's personal charm could carry it"—while another fine woman declares, "Stimulating, good story, recommended for adults. Good ending, good morals, some fine emotional moments." *Susan Lenox* divides the camps. "Good, though depressing." "Not recommended. Garbled, confused, miscellany of stuff. Very uneven in quality and direction. Monstrous effort in casting, photography, and artistry wasted on a sordid and tattered theme." "Recommended for adults for its vivid and entertaining qualities. General tone not immoral. Wonderfully acted and directed. Outstanding photography."

Probably one would expect wide variations of opinion about *An American Tragedy.* Certainly one finds them. "The picture is too sordid and loveless to be wholesome. However, it carries with it a tremendous lesson and inspires one to stand for the right principles at all costs." "Exactly the same appeal that the book has or that any tragic or sensational newspaper story has." "It is exceedingly morbid, a sordid tale—although not as vulgar as the book. In a book the pathological and criminal causes for this crime could be meticulously studied, but not on the screen or for the general public."

So the list might be prolonged. It makes one remember Sidney Smith's remark about Macaulay—that he only wished he was as sure about anything as Macaulay was of everything.

Fortunately there are a number of pictures about which the opinions of the two hundred are practically unanimous. Sometimes in praise, sometimes in condemnation. And the general public is extremely well represented by these, its official previewers. In other words, there are likely to be widespread differences of opinion over the country itself concerning pictures about which there are these variations in Hollywood. There is, by and large, approval of what the previewers approve and disapproval of what they disapprove.

And isn't it a delightful comment on the whole situation that the picture industry itself gave its first award for distinguished acting to the middle-aged, homely, delightful, human and humorous Marie Dressler, who is a finished actress with appeal to all sorts and conditions of men, while the public, the dear public, has made her last three pictures, *Min and Bill, Politics* and *Reducing,* among the big box-office successes of the past year?

Review of Current Pictures

Surrender

This is a picture which might properly be classified as a war play, but it is different from the general run of such, being concerned with the human element in war, rather than the military. It paints enemies and allies with the same colors of love and sympathy, dread and discouragement. That both sides in battle realize the futility of the struggle and yet are powerless to resist it is made clear as the picture develops.

It is really a love story of a French officer (Warner Baxter) and a German girl (played by Leila Hyams), developing throughout the period of the Frenchman's incarceration in a prison camp in Germany. The plot, however, is not the strongest part of the play; the characterization of many men under similar conditions is most compelling. One sees the end of the film with the feeling that he has been looking deep into human hearts, and has found them to be alike under the uniforms of all countries.

Suggested List of Pictures

Title	*Type*	*Suitable For:*
Alice in Wonderland	Familiar Classic	Family
Ambassador Bill	Will Rogers in Comedy	Family
Are These Our Children	Study of Youth's Temptations	Adults (if interested)
Arizona Terror	Western	Children and Adol.
Around the World in 80 Minutes	Doug. Fairbanks' Travelogue	Family
Arrowsmith	Sinclair Lewis' book in film Excellent work by Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman	Adults and older Adol.
Battle of Gallipoli	Gallipoli campaign in World War	Adol. and Adults
Battling With Buffalo Bill	Exciting Western	Adol. and Adults
Beloved Bachelor	Story full of heart interest Based on stage play "The Prince Chap," but adaptation for film sacrifices much of original charm	Family

Title	*Type*	*Suitable For:*
Ben Hur	Very fine picturization of the Lew Wallace classic	Family
The Brat	Comedy of a street waif taken into a home of aristocracy	For Adol. and Adults
Business and Pleasure	Booth Tarkington's "The Plutocrat" well screened	Family
Cavalier of the West	U. S. Cavalry in frontier days	Family
Champ, The	Boy and his father. Heart interest	Family
Cisco Kid	Fairly good western	Adol. and Adults
Connecticut Yankee	Will Rogers in Mark Twain comedy	Family
Conquering Horde	Western	Family
Consolation Marriage	Comedy Drama	Older Adol. and Adult
Convicted	Murder Mystery of better sort	Adol. and Adults
Cougar	Hunting lions in California	Family
Cuban Love Song	Lawrence Tibbett in good voice and poor play	Adults (if any)
Daddy Long Legs	Baxter and Gaynor in charming story	Family
Danton	French Revolution	Adol. and Adults
Delicious	Wholesome musical comedy with Farrel and Janet Gaynor	Family
Devotion	Fair comedy drama, made excellent by Ann Harding and Leslie Howard	Adol. and Adults
Dogs is Dogs	Comedy	Children
Explorers of the World	Travel	Family
Fanny Foley Herself	Mother's Sacrifice. Ends happily	Family
Father's Son	Family play full of human interest	Family
Freighters of Destiny	Good Western of the '80's	Family
Great Meadow	Historical Drama done well by John Mack Brown and Eleanor Boardman	Family
Hard Hombre	Western with comedy	Family
Heartbreak	War story with good message	Family
Huckleberry Finn	Mark Twain would be proud of his book	Family
In Line of Duty	Northwest Mounted Police	Family
I Like Your Nerve	Musical Comedy not too bad	Older Adol. and Adult
Juvenile Court	Reform Schools	Older Adol. and Adult
Killing to Live	Natural History	Family
King of the Wild	African Adventures	Family
Local Boy Makes Good	Comedy	Family
Millionaire, The	Geo. Arliss in fine comedy	Family
Neck and Neck	About Horses	Family
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford	Amusing, but questionable	Adol. and Adults
Over the Hill	Old Poem in pictures	Family
Penrod and Sam	Booth Tarkington's boys in an almost too emotional film	Family
Phantom of Paris	Murder Mystery	Adol. and Adults
Racing Youth	Comedy of Automobile Factory	Family
Rainbow Trail	Western, beautifully set	Family
Rich Man's Folly	Dombey and Son at base of story	Family
Riders of Purple Sage	Zane Gray's stuff as usual	Family, if you like it
Ruling Voice	Inside of Gangster story	Adol. and Adults
Sea Ghost	Fast moving marine picture	Family
Secret Service	The Old romance of Civil War	Family
Shipmates	Good naval comedy	Family
Sin of Madelon Claudet	Well acted version of "Lullaby" with Helen Hayes	Adults
Skippy and Sooky	Small boy life	Family
Smart Woman	Comedy of marriage	Adults
Speckled Band	Sherlock Holmes story	Family
Spirit of Notre Dame	Football	Family
Sporting Chance	Horse-racing	Family
Splinters in the Navy	Sea comedy	Family
Suicide Fleet	Naval story of the War	Family
Sundown Trail	Mediocre Western	Family
Tom Sawyer	Another Mark Twain done well	Family
Touchdown	Football	Family
Trader Horn	Jungle Adventures. Not for excitable children, perhaps. For others, one of the best	Family
Way Back Home	Seth Parker in a Maine Village	Family
Wicked	Theme of Mother love. Somewhat mature	Adol. and Adults

Emma

EMMA" is a picture that will be universally enjoyed, for people like to believe that there are human beings who are even better than the angels. Particularly is this so when an artist such as Marie Dressler portrays the part. She plays so sincerely, so genuinely, that it requires no stretch of the imagination to believe that all she says and does is truly so. If Marie Dressler hadn't been awarded the medal of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in 1931 for her portrayal of the part of Min, in "Min and Bill", it would in all probability have come to her in 1932 as a result of "Emma". The supporting cast is acceptable and the photography excellent.

The story runs the gamut of human emotions—laughter to tears, happiness to sorrow—and has an appeal for every age and type. For some reason or other we like to cry as well as to laugh, particularly when the tears as well as the smiles grow out of situations which are sweetly pathetic and humanly true.

Mas Cartas de Amigo

Continued from page 285

go forthly to this town of Alamo Grande, which mean in U. S. the large tree of cotton, and have more active stir like town in U. S. Here is the so rich merchant who has the complete owning of the store in the town, also the mill to make the adobes with which he make the buildings for many uses. It is with good fortune he have need of a boy and a burro in this mill. We are engage. All day Amigo walk around in a circular manner, fasten to a pole which turn a wheel which grind out mud onto a table by which stand a very unhandsome man, with the bad temper, making the mud into the molds which others and I deposit on the smooth earth with great suddenness. But we cannot be so sudden as this man desires. Nor can Amigo. It gives me pain he should speak with such harshness to my Amigo. Me, I am young and strong, I can bear greatly, but Amigo have arrive at the noon of life. He should have his ease. I tell him by nights of this with sorrow. He say nothings, and his eyes make no complain. He is very patient and very wise.

I fear I have weary you, my regarded teacher, with this so long correspondence. I will desist.

May your days be all of Summer, and your years of youth.

Ramon Vasquez.

let's talk it over

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not."—Francis Bacon. (1561-1626)

And now, folks, if you will draw your chairs up around the old fireplace, we'll chat a bit about you and us 'n everything. There's nothing so healthful as chat—sometimes—especially when you can quit without becoming "het up." Here we can warm up to our subjects, but you see we can use only about eight or nine hundred words on this page, and, therefore, can hardly come to blows at any one time.

Now—a little about you. We like you ever so much and are as eager as we can be to please you—to help you—to inspire you—and occasionally even to tickle you. We'll welcome a little talk back if it isn't too hot or too cold or too anything—but then, talk back, anyway. We want to hear what you have to say.

You may be interested in what we have stored up for you here in the archives or whatever our huge files are called. We have stacks of good stuff, but of course we can feed it out only a little bit at a time. But we can tell you this—our April number is to be a spring number with ever so pretty a picture on the cover—our May number is going to tell you a great deal about foreign missions of the church and the mission home—if the ships will just bring some of the things we've asked for to us in time—our June number will be devoted to the western out-of-doors and our July issue to the pioneers and Washington and patriotism and all those fine things we like to talk about.

Perhaps you would like to meet personally some of the writers and artists of this issue. We'll start with Franklin Stewart Harris. He is president of Brigham Young University, but he is also a world traveler and he was reared during a part of his life in Mexico about which he writes so interestingly. C. P. Shaffer and Louie Coe Roberts are two fine teachers of Indian boys and girls at Fort Hall and White Rocks. Thought our readers would like to know about the Indian schools. Frank C. Robertson we have talked about before. He was reared up in Idaho where coyotes sang him to sleep at night when he was a babe and where sheep whitened all the hills around his home. You could tell that from his story. Clara F. Seeman is a lady down Arizona way. We don't know much about her, but we like her. Dan V. Stephens is president of the Stephens National Bank, Fremont, Nebraska. He is a friend of President Grant's and likes pioneer things. C. Frank Steele is a newspaper man up in Lethbridge, Canada, and is well known to our readers, having written many fine things for this magazine. Estelle Webb Thomas lives down on the border between the United States and Mxico where she knows many little Mexicans, Indians, and—burros.

Who was it said that something or other makes the whole world kin? It has slipped our mind for the nonce—a good word, "nonce"—but you perhaps remember. But it might have been poetry that was meant, for that is a language which is felt more easily than understood. Children become as one child in their common love of nursery rhymes; older children send valentine-verses to express their thoughts when they, themselves, are inarticulate. And we older ones, busy earning a living and mending the children's stockings, can pick up a page of poetry and forget our perplexities in our pleasure. Try turning to the poetry page right now and see if we aren't right. "The Color of Yesterday," by Ardyth Kennelly paints a word picture which will bring to mind memories of color harmonies in your own yesterdays; and the 19-year-old author, in a letter to us wrote a line which applies to you too. She said. "—and I wonder, although I'll never know, what you are like as you sit there reading my poems." Sounds nice, doesn't she? Sort of whimsical; more like the younger generation really is and less like they are painted. (And some of them *are* painted, we admit). "God's Candles" is a little singing thing with an ending which is a surprise even after you've read it several times. "March Morning" describes a day which might be today—or yesterday—or tomorrow. Spring after snow! Glorious. "Wind" is "Marchy," too. Mexico and the desert both come in for a lovely share of attention, and "Storm and Calm" fit into the March and Wind idea. Carlton Culmsee puts in a wee love poem, for "in the spring a young man's fancy," you know; and some wag has added, "You bet he is!"

And now about a new story—and who doesn't like a good story! It's called "Godmother," because godmothers in the old fairy tales always made nice things come to pass. This one isn't a fairy godmother, but she does make things come true for some children, for Mark and herself, which is fair all the way round. It will cheer you mightily to discover how Rachel's chilly love for beauty and comfort and clothes gave way before the warm flood of love for the three little kiddies, with another kind of love thrown in for good measure. Carla Wolfe is the author, and we think it's one of the best stories the *Era* has had, of its kind, in a long time. It will start in April, and it's well worth waiting for.

"Down here in the South Seas we enjoy reading the *Era* very much," says Elder V. Everet Lee, but he adds a line. "Some people think the magazine is becoming too modernistic." That would be a criticism did he not add still another line. "But to me the new *Era* is very refreshing and its up-to-the-minute articles and stories are all to be desired."

By the way, have you finished all of the books of the M. I. A. reading course? They are all good books and will afford a great deal of entertainment as well as knowledge. They are: "The Biography of Brigham Young," by his daughter and granddaughter, a book which gives a slant on a great man that is most unusual; "With Malice Toward None," a Lincoln story; "Singing in the Rain," a book which turns clouds inside out; "Larry," one of the loveliest books for young people ever written; and "Modern Pioneers," a volume to delight Boy Scouts.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

What Kind of Music is Appropriate to the Sabbath Day?

By EDWARD P. KIMBALL

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. For verily, this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions to the Most High. Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord, . . . for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested, and was refreshed . . . on the seventh day he finished his work and sanctified it. The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. On this day . . . thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart, that thy fasting may be perfect, or in other words that thy joy may be full, verily this is fasting and prayer, or in other words, rejoicing and prayer.

THE above is a series of passages relating to the Sabbath, taken from the Bible and the book of Doctrine and Covenants, and put together to show what this day is and why it should be observed. If the full meaning of this holy day, instituted by God, Himself, for the blessing of His children, is to become manifest to them, and if they are to receive the blessing vouchsafed to them by an allwise Father as contained in a proper observance of it, they must put themselves into condition to do two things. In the first place, they must fulfill the physical requirement placed upon them by ceasing from manual labor, or more directly, from that labor, whatever it may be, upon which they rely for their daily bread—in other words, rest; and then follow the lead of the Creator, sanctify the work of the other six, and become refreshed. Secondly, and most important and difficult, this rest must be utilized to bring to the spirit recuperation, renewal of faith in God, increased love toward Him, these manifesting themselves in praise and thanksgiving alike by word and deed.

It is a comparatively simple task to refrain from labor on the Sabbath day if one but have the will. The tasks that need really to be performed are but few compared to the greater number that men have come to look upon as necessary. Every child of our Father knows this in his own heart. To bring oneself into a spiritual observance on the other hand is not so easy. The almost universal desecration of the day all over the world is gradually spreading, and things and thoughts which only a few years ago would have shocked the most leniently disposed are now so common that, not only are they tolerated, but it is very difficult not to yield to them because of their being so universal.

A few years since, a certain woman in this city suffered a severe nervous break-down. Her husband was told by leading doctors and psychologists that the quickest way back to health for his wife was for him to remove her from all the conditions and circumstances among which she had gone to pieces. This was done after she had lain in bed for nearly a year without little signs of improvement in the old environment. Among new surroundings her return to health was quite remarkable. Now it would have been much wiser on the part of that husband if he had remembered the philosophy of the Sabbath, and insisted long before that his wife observe the intent of the Sabbath, come into a complete rest and change of thought every week. But even after his wife's health broke under the monotony of constant and changeless activity and thought he was still able to restore her by complete change of physical, mental, and spiritual atmosphere.

In much the same way as this woman's health gave way are the souls of many men and women becoming sick. Not so much from unceasing physical exertion as from an unchanging attitude of mind and spirit is the disregard for the things of God growing in our land. Even while men are trying to worship they are still under the spell of their everyday activity. Preachers are endeavoring "to sell" the religion of Christ to the world; Sunday School teachers go before their classes and attempt to vitalize the lesson in the language of baseball or the track; Babbits and Bartons give to us the Sacred Story in the vernacular of the counting house and the street; even the songs of praise as contained in the wonderful old hymns of the church are revamped in the language of the week-day chase after physical things. Is there any wonder that the souls of men are sick with a veritable autointoxication of week-day materialism?

What has all this talk to do with music. It is just an attempt to bring to the consideration of the Church musicians their opportunity and their responsibility. Upon them rests much in getting the people out of the temporal and into the spiritual on the Lord's day. What music is suitable to the Sabbath day? If what has been said above be true, the question might be answered by asking another: What literature, what thoughts, what language, what conduct are suitable to the Sabbath day? Only such of each as will cry to the soul in the true spirit of the Sabbath: "Be still, and know that I am God;" only such as will lead man away from the work-a-day world deep into the innermost sanctum of his own soul where he can be brought to his knees face to face with God, where he may hear the voice of God in the burning bush of His worship, from whence he may emerge from a spiritual Sinai clasping to his heart a new decalog to guide his conduct through the days till the next Sabbath. If the musician would know what music is appropriate to the Lord's day, let him determine within his own soul what this day is and what it was intended to and may do for man; he will then begin to solve the problem of his music for himself.

"The craving to sing is but a partial and imperfect image of the craving to pray. . . . What a song is to speech, prayer is to song—the supremely personal and direct utterance for which all creation longs." Richard Cabot.

The psalmist, David, gave a good example of the spirit of the Sabbath as he sang:

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High:

To shew forth Thy loving kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work: I will triumph in the work of Thy hands.

O Lord, how great are Thy works! and Thy thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed forever;

But Thou, Lord, art Most High for evermore.

Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall bring forth fruit in old age: they shall be fat and flourishing;

To shew that the Lord is upright: He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

Ward Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors

IN view of the increased activity in Aaronic Priesthood quorums and the organization of Correlation Committees, the following instructions, issued by the Presiding Bishopric are timely and important:

Ward Supervisors — The primary responsibility for the direction of the Aaronic Priesthood rests upon the bishopric. But, in the very nature of things, because of their manifold duties, the bishopric cannot ordinarily give the time necessary for the preparation of the class lessons in the various quorums nor to the detailed follow-up of the assignments of duty to the various members, nor give attention to the individual welfare of each member of the priesthood. For these reasons a committee of ward supervisors should be appointed by the bishopric to labor under their direction in handling the details. They should be men who are thoroughly interested in boys and who have the boys' viewpoint. Each member of this committee is expected to attend to the details of supervision of one of the quorums. As a committee they will consider the prevailing conditions of all the quorums and the individual members, make up the necessary reports, and plan to secure the activity and interest of every member of the Aaronic Priesthood in the ward. Under the new arrangement of Priesthood M. I. A. work, they will, also, act on Vanguard and Scout Troop Committees.

Stake Supervision—Committee of high council, with other assistants. Organize somewhat as stake auxiliary board. Visit all quorums in wards, *weekly*, if possible. See that these standards are met. Get monthly reports from all wards. Occasional stake social gatherings should be held. Prepare monthly summary of ward reports for stake presidency and for their own guidance in improving conditions.

Ward Supervision—Bishopric, assisted by Board of Supervisors—three or more suitable men, as needed, with one as chairman. *Each member of the Bishopric has general charge of one grade of priesthood*—the bishop as president of the Priest's quorum, and each of the counselors in charge of another grade.

Supervisors' Duties—Act individually as class leaders in quorums. Hold weekly committee meetings as a board, preferably after priesthood meeting. Follow-up (a) attendance of members, (b) weekly assignments of duties, (c) lesson preparation by members, (d) prepare monthly reports for stake committee, (e) prepare young men for ordination and advancement, (f) supervise social and fraternal activities, and (g) consider general welfare of quorums. Under the new arrangement of Priesthood-M. I. A. they will also act on Vanguard and Scout Troop Committees.

Means of Success in Promoting Attendance of the Aaronic Priesthood

By MANTON MOODY *Stake Committee, Deseret Stake*

UNDOUBTEDLY in all the stakes of Zion there are a certain number who attend regularly their Priesthood meetings. It is not with those who are regular in their attendance that the problem lies, but with those who are habitually absent from Priesthood meeting. Some means must be devised whereby we can break the trend of inactivity and get the boys who have been totally inactive or partially so to come out to Priesthood meetings, for it is in the Priesthood meetings that they get spiritual food that is so essential.

I believe we might put it under two heads: 1st, getting those who are not attending their Priesthood meetings to attend, and 2nd, to keep them coming out after they once come. I believe that one of the chief things that will stimulate interest and get attendance of the boys at Priesthood meetings is the interest that the bishoprics in the ward show in their boys. It has been stated that the bishops do not have time to visit each boy personally. But I suggest that when you meet a boy, whether he is keeping the Word of Wisdom or not, that you encourage him in some way, that you give him a kind word, and I believe it will go a long way to get him to come to Priesthood meeting. Boys like to be noticed; it is natural to like to be noticed. If the bishopric will greet the boys and give them a little encouragement, I am sure it will go a long way toward bringing them out to the Priesthood meetings.

I believe, also, that assignments are very fine in getting boys to attend Priesthood meetings. Now it is a fact, the records of our stake show, that 90% of the Priests who were given assignments filled those assignments. Also 90% of the Teachers given assignments filled the same and 96% of the Deacons filled their assignments. If this is the case, it seems then that we should never want for giving the boys something to do. Give them assignments and they will fill them. If we give boys assignments to go and visit members who are not in the habit of attending meetings and 96% of these boys fill the assignments, it naturally follows that, of those boys who were visited and who have been inactive, a great per cent will come out to the Priesthood meetings. I think we cannot over-stress the value of assignments.

I think also that outings have a great deal to do with successful attendance of the boys at their regular Priesthood meetings. For example, in one month the attendance at our regular monthly or Union Stake Priesthood meeting we had an increase of attendance of the Lesser Priesthood of about 800%, and this was due to the fact that the Stake Committee had visited all the wards in the stake and had informed the boys that an outing was to take place after the Stake Union or Priesthood meeting, and as a result there was an increase of attendance from about 18 of the Lesser Priesthood members to 127. This is a very remarkable increase, and I am sure it was due to the outing planned for the boys. Similar outings can be planned for the boys in the wards and similar success can be met with.

Now, as to the means of keeping the boys after you once get them there. It is true that a man will not return to a well if he finds it empty and so, if the boys who have been neglectful in their attendance at meeting come out and find there is nothing there they are interested in, they will not return. Therefore the problem of interest must be solved. I believe if you will solve this problem you will solve the problem of attendance. We believe that the bishopric and ward supervising committee should select the very best boys' men they have in their ward to teach the Lesser Priesthood classes. I think this is essential also, to get men who can mix with the boys and still hold their dignity.

I also feel that we can meet with a great deal of success by the bishoprics giving their three minute talks as outlined for them in the respective classes of the Lesser Priesthood quorums. So I urge that the bishoprics arrange to give their talks every Sunday morning, or whenever they convene for their Priesthood work. I think this will go a long way in encouraging the boys. It is true that the parents should not have to drive the boys to Priesthood meeting. They should be given something when they get to Priesthood meeting that will bring them back. If they are given something worthwhile in Priesthood meeting I am sure they will come repeatedly and grow spiritually thereby. It is necessary that we get the boys to attend and then make it profitable to them.

I believe the biggest problem confronting the Church today is the work of the Lesser Priesthood—getting boys to attend to their Priesthood work that they might grow spiritually and intellectually, that they will be enabled in the future to carry on the work of service in the Church.

An Ordained Teacher Functions in His Calling

IN many parts of the Church ordained teachers and priests are being encouraged to become ward teachers. Many interesting experiences are coming to light indicating that good results are being secured. From Elder Junius Banks of Lehi Stake comes a report of a recent experience in that stake that is worthy of the serious consideration of those having the supervision of the Aaronic Priesthood. Elder Banks recites the incident as follows:

A young teacher, ordained but a few months ago, had been assigned as the partner of a seventy to do block teaching. For some time the boy had experienced difficulty in getting his teaching done promptly each month. With the consent of the senior partner, the boy invited a fellow teacher to make the visit with him. One woman, in whose home the boys had been, seeing the mother of one of the boys, had this to say of their visit: "Your son is to be complimented on the way he conducted block teaching in our home last night. Before leaving the young teacher was called upon to be mouth in prayer as we all, twelve of us, knelt in a family circle. His prayer was simple and short but it went right to our hearts as he asked that our basket might never be empty this winter. If there is one thing that we have been negligent in as Latter-day Saints, it is in family prayer. There is a big family of us and it is hard to get together for prayer. After the boys left, my husband said that if two young boys could come into our home and set us an example like that, from now on we are going to have family prayer. And to prove that his intentions were genuine, he had us all kneel before retiring for the night." It might be explained that this family has had a struggle to obtain food, clothing, and other necessities during these distressing times.

Liberty Ward Gets Excellent Results

A BRIEF report of the system of supervising the Liberty Ward in Bear Lake Stake to make the Priesthood activities effective has been submitted by Bishop Torrey L. Austin as follows:

1st. We have a system of ward teaching which has proven very effective. Our ward of fourteen districts is divided into two parts geographically. We give the teachers living in districts one to seven the first Wednesday night to make their visit and the balance the second Wednesday night. Our teaching therefore is usually finished by the middle of the month. Our boys holding the offices of Teacher and Priest are used so far as practicable, but we do not aim to use anyone using tobacco or liquor.

2nd. We try hard to get all members holding the Priesthood to officiate in their respective callings. For example, Melchizedek Priesthood members to perform blessings, ordinations, administrations, confirmations, especially with their own children, and Aaronic Priesthood members to baptize, administer sacrament, do ward teaching, assist the poor, etc.

3rd. We hold meetings with the fathers of the boys holding Aaronic Priesthood occasionally to discuss boy problems with the object of getting their support in our guidance of the boys.

4th. Regular and definite assignments are made to boys and are carefully checked each week and reasons ascertained why assignments are not filled.

5th. Men, women, boys, girls and babies are strongly urged to attend Sunday services.

All the deacons and teachers of the ward have received their Patriarchal Blessings.

St. Charles Ward Adopts Unique Plan

THE Aaronic Priesthood of the St. Charles Ward in Bear Lake Stake conceived the idea of conducting contests to stimulate interest in their work and if possible to get a larger attendance at the class meetings.

The quorum teachers numbered the names as they appeared on the roll book and those holding the even numbers were pitted against those holding the odds. They contested. They had an attendance during the month of August of 87%. The odds won by a small majority. The losing side gave a "weinie" roast to the winners and their partners in St. Charles canyon.

For the Priesthood session of the last quarterly conference of the stake, the Aaronic Priesthood challenged the Melchizedek Priesthood to an attendance contest, the losing side to give a Priesthood social to all the Priesthood of the ward and their partners. The Aaronic Priesthood won with an attendance of 60% as compared to 53%. The social was given in the Recreation Hall. The evening was spent in games and dancing, and a watermelon social. The fathers were pitted against the sons in the various contests and even mothers were brought into the contest against their sons. When enough women could not be found to contest, a few fathers were dressed up as women, thereby affording much amusement.

During the month of September the Priests and Teachers contested for at-

tendance at Priesthood class meetings, the Priests winning with an attendance of 85% as against 83% for the Teachers. The Teachers gave a party to the Priesthood and partners.

In order to stimulate interest on the part of parents in this contest, Relief Society officers, Y. L. M. I. A. officers and Primary officers were charged with the responsibility of laboring with all members of the ward holding the Priesthood. In the event a mother had a number of boys in her home holding the Priesthood, she was held responsible for the task of getting the boys out to meeting. This worked splendidly and as far as we can tell there was not a woman holding any of these offices who did not respond effectively to her task. The result is that many boys who were lukewarm in their Priesthood activities have been brought in and the interest of their parents secured.

A Deacon and His Quorum

(Talk given by Deacon Max Hymas in the Priesthood session of Quarterly Conference, Bear Lake Stake.)

I HAVE been asked to talk two minutes on what the deacons in our ward are doing.

I think we have a very good quorum of Deacons in the Liberty Ward. Out of 160 assignments, 145 were filled. These figures were taken from the ward report of Aaronic Priesthood for six months ending June 30th. During that time we held 24 class meetings with 90% of attendance; our per cent of attendance at Sunday School is also 90.

When a boy receives an assignment as acting deacon for two weeks, he is expected to clean up the church. This means to sweep, dust, put things in order, furnish and assist with the Sacrament. The church is not always as clean as we would like it but we try to do our best.

The deacons have sawed and chopped wood for the church and for widows.

We are starting on the Book of Remembrance and all of the boys have their Patriarchal Blessings.

We are very fortunate in having a Patriarch in our ward, Bishop Morgan. The boys have received some very fine promises if they will live for them. We expect to take this work up step by step looking forward to the time when it will be completed. Last winter we had a registered scout troop in our ward composed mostly of deacons. We hope to continue this work this year because a good scout is a good deacon. You all know the scout oath: "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country and obey the scout law; to help other people at all times, to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight." I feel that this work helps us to appreciate the Priesthood.

I hope we can go on through the other quorums of the Priesthood doing our best, doing the things we are asked to do.

How To Cure the Cigarette Habit

By D. H. KRESS, M. D.

Neurologist, Washington Sanitarium and Hospital, Washington, D. C.

THE first step in giving up the cigarette is to give it up. Many fail because they never really reach this point.

Keep away from smokers and tobacco-smoke-laden atmosphere as far as possible for about three weeks. After each meal, for one week rinse out the mouth with a ¾ of one per cent solution of silver nitrate. This creates a distaste for tobacco smoke, and will relieve throat irritation.

Purchase five cents' worth of gentian root (or camomile blossoms) and chew it during the day when the desire to smoke appears.

To assist in eliminating the poison take a dose composed of a teaspoonful each of rochelle salts and cream of tartar each morning before breakfast for one week. If possible take a Turkish bath, or a good sweat bath of some kind, twice during the first two weeks. Drink water, orange juice or grapefruit juice freely.

Keep out in the open air as much as possible. Keep the mind occupied.

The greatest aid will be found in a change of dietetic habits. Smokers are fond of highly seasoned foods and stimulating drinks.

It is necessary to give up the use of pepper, mustard, the free use of salt and coffee and tea, and also the free use of meats.

The following diet will be found of the greatest aid. If followed carefully, the discovery will be made, by the end of the first week, that the craving has materially lessened and by the end of the third week it is not unusual to find that the craving has almost entirely disappeared. With this assurance held out, the effort is certainly worth a trial.

Caspian Terns, Utah Lake

For a period of two or three weeks make use of cereal foods, as shredded wheat biscuits, bran flakes, krumbles, puffed wheat, whole wheat bread, rye or graham bread, etc., with milk and cream, buttermilk, cottage cheese, nuts (well masticated). At the close of the meal use fresh sub-acid fruits, as oranges, peaches, pears, apples, pineapples, grapefruit. Figs, dates and raisins, apple sauce and canned fruits are indicated. Highly seasoned foods and stimulating drinks should be avoided.

A patient who had used tobacco for forty-two years, adopting this treatment for three months wrote: "It seems wonderful to me that I now have no craving for tobacco or drink."

Another writes: "I am glad to say I have not used tobacco in any form for three weeks and have no desire for it." Still another, after four weeks, says: "The desire for smoking has entirely disappeared. I have increased in weight and considerably in strength. My mind is clearer, not being doped. I am exceedingly glad I quit."

No victory has ever been won without a conflict and fight. Divine aid is promised those who strive lawfully and victory is assured.

MUTUAL MESSAGES

Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency
Y. M. M. I. A.
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency
Y. L. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

George Washington Bicentennial

DURING the remainder of the season, the M. I. A. program will be colored largely by the spirit of the George Washington Bicentennial celebration. Through correspondence and personal interview, the General Boards of M. I. A. have been in touch with the National Commission who have generously agreed to send pageants, plays, and other printed material to our stake organization who in turn will distribute them to the wards.

In a letter to Mr. Sol Bloom, associate director of the commission, a rather comprehensive idea of the extent of the activities of the Mutual Improvement Associations and an assurance of their willingness to cooperate in this celebration was given.

In response Mr. Bloom has written:

"We are indeed appreciative of and grateful for the very keen interest thus shown and the very hearty cooperation extended in connection with the coming celebration, and want you to know that we will do our utmost to furnish such literature and material published by this Commission as you may desire and need as an aid in the development and carrying out of the extensive and worth-while program which you are formulating for the various Stakes and Wards of the Latter-day Saints' Church."

In the January Era six major events to be carried forward by the M. I. A. were listed.

1. Washington Birthday Ball ..... Feb.
2. Sunday Evening Service ..... March
3. Pageant ..... April
4. Tree Planting Ceremonial ..... May
5. George Washington Drama ..... May
6. Fourth of July Celebration ..... July

Material for a part of the Sunday Evening Service in March, for the pageant and for the play is being sent direct from Washington to all of the M. I. A. stake superintendents and presidents for use in the wards.

In the February Era George Washington programs were recommended as one of the four optional half-hour programs during the five weeks beginning April 26. In line with the national events to be featured in April and May we suggest the following topics:

April 19—Stake Honor Day (Patriot's Day; Anniversary of Paul Revere's Midnight Ride).
1. Singing—"America."
2. Reading—The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere.
3. A brief talk on the Battle of Lexington and Concord.

April 26—Inaugural Day Program (Washington's First Inauguration, April 30, 1879).
1. Patriotic music.
2. Reading of Washington's Inaugural address.
3. Ten minute talk on George Washington the President.

May 3—May Day Program.
1. Braid the May Pole in red, white and blue colors.
2. Patriotic songs.
3. Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag.

May 10—The Mother of Washington (In honor of Mother's Day).

May 17—National Music Week (See newspapers for suggestive programs of the National Music Week Committee).

May 24—National Drama Week (Presentation of George Washington Play).

May 31—Closing of the Season of M. I. A.
Optional.

Tree Planting

TREES, trees—a long line of them, reaching from ocean to ocean! Ten million monuments to a great man!

The American Tree Association is cooperating with the George Washington Bicentennial Commission in a great tree planting movement. Cities, towns, and states are working out a program. Memorial Groves, Memorial Roadways, individual Memorial Trees are to be included in the plan.

It is suggested that the M. I. A. have a tree planting ceremonial in April and plant on the church grounds in every ward a George Washington Memorial Tree.

In the symbolism of a tree can Washington be remembered preeminently. Deep-rooted in the ground, a tree is like a man, coming up out of the earth, but lifting its branches to heaven. And as it grows in usefulness, so it grows in beauty. It may outlast the ages, it offers its shade to all alike, and its disinterested ministries succour a thirsty countryside and provide for its physical and aesthetic necessities. So a tree bespeaks the spirit of Washington. He was democratic in his services, regal in his leadership, commanding in his principles, while he extended a brotherly hand to a new and independent people struggling for fuller freedom.

The American Tree Association, Washington, D. C., will send to all who write for it the "Bicentennial Tree Planting Book," giving suggestions for a program and telling how to plant.

Sunday Evening Meeting

For April .....

General Theme—PRAYER

PROGRAM

1. Singing some prayer song. "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire."
2. Invocation—The Lord's Prayer by a scout or a vanguard member.
3. The Slogan.
4. Singing—"Sweet Hour of Prayer."
5. Fifteen minute discourse on prayer.
   A. What prayer is.—See helpful material furnished.
   B. The difference between heart prayers and lip prayers. See Mark 7:6, 7. Boasting prayer and humble prayer.—See Luke 18—10—15.
   C. The inconsistency of praying for the poor when we won't pay our fast offerings or for the prosperity of Zion when we are not willing to pay our tithing, or to be forgiven when we hold grudges.

D. The power of prayer united with faith. See Doctrine and Covenants 28:13; 42:14; 103:36; 104:78, 79. Preferably by an M Man.

6. Fifteen minute talk on prayer, showing:
   A. That it is highly natural to pray.—Material furnished and elsewhere.
   B. That—No prayer, no religion.
   C. That to follow Jesus means to be a praying person—preferably given by a Gleaner.
7. Two three minute testimonies of prayer experiences—preferably by adult members.
8. Singing—A song of prayer—Suggested, the last verse of "America."
9. Benediction.

SOME HELPFUL MATERIAL AND REFERENCES

Prayer is a call of man to his maker. Prayer is communion with the Lord. Secret prayer is correspondence with God marked—"personal." Family prayer is a means of "close-knitting" the group. Every honest, humble prayer pays for itself in the result of the reach. Neglect of prayer lessens the love of man for his God.

Prayer is, and remains, the deepest impulse of the soul of man.—*Carlyle.*

Let this great truth be present night and day,
But most be present when we preach or pray,
Look round our world, behold the chain of love,
Combining all below and all above.
—*Pope.*

It is natural to be grateful
It is natural to be meek,
It is natural to be prayerful
God's love and help to seek.

To doubt the necessity of prayer is to disbelieve in the ideality of the life of Jesus. He prayed for himself in Gethsemane. The heroic spiritual struggle and glorious victory is recorded in Mark 14:32-42. He prayed for his friends; this memorable prayer containing a report to His Father and a plea for His disciples is recorded in John 17. He prayed for His enemies in His dying hour; this prayer, without an equal in pointedness, and pleading, is found in Luke 23. Praying in secret was one of the Lord's habits.—See Mark 6:46, Luke 6:12. If the Savior needed to pray what about mortals attempting to live a satisfactory life without praying?

Washington Program

"WASHINGTON RETURNS"—A PAGEANT

ACCORDING to the suggested program for M. I. A. participation in the George Washington Bicentennial Celebration a pageant is listed for April.

(*Continued on page* 306)

Community Activity

Nineteen Recreation Principles

(Compiled by National Recreation Association)

EVERY child needs to be exposed to the growth-giving activities that have brought satisfaction through the ages,—to tramping, swimming, dancing, skating, ball games; to singing, playing musical instruments; to dramatic activities; to making things with the hands; to caring for pets, to helping plants grow, to getting to know nature, to trying simple scientific experiments; to trying to make things beautiful; to learning the joy of teamplay, of comradeship in doing things with others.

Every child needs to discover which are the special activities which give him personal satisfaction and joy. In these activities he should be helped to develop the skills essential to supreme enjoyment throughout life.

Every child should choose certain activities, certain hobbies that he can keep up as long as he lives so that there may be no "dull" stretches.

Every man should have certain forms of recreation which require little space and which can be fitted into small fragments of time.

Every man needs to know well a certain limited number of games which he himself likes for use indoors and outdoors so that there will never be an occasion when he cannot think of anything to do.

Every man should be helped to form the habit of finding pleasure in reading.

Most men should know at least a few songs with good music so that they may sing when they feel like it.

Every man should be helped to discover some form of beauty which he can really make his own—whether it be beauty of line, form, color, or sound.

Man thrives best in the sunlight. Every man should be helped to form habits of being active, of breathing deeply in the sunlit outdoor air.

Since living and not business is the end of life our cities should be planned from the point of view of living as well as of business and industry. Sunlight, air, open spaces, parks, playgrounds, in abundant measure are essentials to any living that is to give permanent joy and satisfaction.

It is of the greatest importance that every person be exposed to rhythm because without rhythm man is incomplete and tires himself and bores others.

About one year in every ten of a man's life is spent in eating. It is of fundamental importance that this one-tenth of a man's life shall be so lit up by play of mind upon mind that eating shall not be a hurried chore but an opportunity for comradeship and for growth for the whole man.

Rest, repose, reflection, contemplation are in themselves a form of recreation and ought never to be crowded out by more active play.

Those recreation activities are most important which most completely command the individual so that he loses himself in them and gives all that he has and is to them.

Ultimate satisfaction in recreation comes only through one's own achievement, of some kind.

The form of one's recreation as an adult, often, though not always, should be such as to use in part powers unused in the rest of one's life.

A man is successful in his recreation life in so far as the forms of activity he chooses create a play spirit, a humor, which to some extent pervades all his working hours, helping him to find enjoyment constantly in the little events of life.

A happy play of childhood is essential to normal growth. Normal men and women are most likely to grow from the children who have played well and happily. Normal men more easily continue normal as they keep up childhood habit of play.

That children and men and women may be more likely to live this kind of life, experience shows there is usually need for community action:

Every community needs a person, and an unpaid committee or board charged with thinking, planning, and working to provide opportunity for the best possible use of the leisure hours of men, women, and children.

Community recreation programs should continue throughout the year.

Support of community recreation programs should be through tax funds under some department of the local government.

Every community needs playgrounds, parks, and recreation centers just as every city and town needs streets and sewers.

Every community should provide opportunity for its children when they leave school to continue the musical and dramatic and other specialized recreation activities which they have enjoyed during school days.

Community recreation programs should allow for a broad range of tastes and interests and varying degrees of mental and physical energy.

Every community needs persons trained to lead in recreation just as much as it needs persons trained in education.

Satisfying recreation, whether for the individual or for the community, involves real planning.

Adult Messages

MANY gratifying reports have reached us of the success attending the work of the Adult Department. In many wards the enrollment in this department is much larger than that of last year.

Project work was under way during the fall in most of the Wards and the class discussion work, based on the book *How to Live* was arousing a great deal of interest. The half-hour activity (recreational) program was also reported to be succeeding this year much better than last.

The Project

Unusual activity is reported from the eleven stakes of the Salt Lake and South Davis areas where the "Health of the School Child" has been selected as a project. This project was recommended by the sub-committee headed by Dr. T. F. Hardy and unanimously accepted by the Stake and Ward workers of these eleven Stakes at their joint meeting at the Bishop's Building December 3rd.

The Child Health Charter, White House conference for 1930, in which "Child Health and Protection" is recommended by President Hoover, was called to the attention of the committee. It was recommended that the committee should proceed along the lines therein suggested. This charter is well prepared in book form and may be had at cost from the Deseret Book Company for 50c.

"The work has been undertaken," writes Dr. Hardy, "in each of the wards with considerable enthusiasm. Fact finding committees have been appointed to ascertain just what provision is made in the schools for 'periodical physical and mental examinations and care of teeth; protective and preventive measures against communicable diseases; the insuring of pure and proper food, pasteurized milk, and pure water, health instruction, physical and mental recreation,' etc. Committees are also to contact and cooperate with The Parent Teachers Association and other Health Agencies as well as the proper school authorities and civic agencies."

Class Discussion

The Word of Wisdom is a law of the Church, the observance of which will promote our physical, mental and spiritual health—a fact that all admit. But have the Latter-day Saints fully comprehended all that the Word of Wisdom teaches? Undoubtedly many of them have not, for it includes much more than the non-use of tea, coffee, liquor and tobacco. Anyone who carefully reads the first two hundred pages of *How to Live* is likely to see much more in the Word of Wisdom than he suspected it contained. The study of the book may therefore be considered a study of one of the laws of the Church—the Word of Wisdom.

The Word of Wisdom may be regarded as a code of health, for it certainly is a brief but most excellent document on personal health. Any statements or information that fill in or illuminate the teachings of this document should be of the utmost interest to believers in the Word of Wisdom. This accounts in part for the success of the Adult Classes this season. Many of the enrolled members are getting new light on the laws and rules of health. They are learning much about what to eat, how to eat, what to do, what to avoid doing, etc., that enables them to observe more nearly the laws of health than heretofore.

The Prophet Joseph Smith taught that every blessing is based upon a law, the observance of which is necessary to get the blessing. Likewise the blessings of health can be secured only by observing the laws of health. Scientists and thinking people now agree upon the doctrine taught by the Prophet as being good for health. Latter-day Saints joyfully welcome information that teaches them how to better observe health laws.

But some people complain that the Church places too much emphasis on the Word of Wisdom. So far as we know, however, none of those who thus complain observe the Word of Wisdom. Is it not generally true that he who complains about how the tithings of the Church are used is not a full tithe payer?

The Activity Program

A very successful use of the half-hour program has been reported from one of the wards. Each of the activities is treated in its turn. First by demonstration and then theoretically. In this very interesting manner each activity is introduced by an event presented before the class either by members of the class or by people brought in from the outside. Following the presentation of the event, the history of the activity together with its development is discussed and a few of the best productions in the particular field are read to and discussed by the class.

Send in to the Adult Department of the Improvement Era an account of anything unusual or helpful that has developed in your class in either of its departments, the project, class discussion, or the half-hour activity program.

What has made your class successful? What single element do you consider has contributed most to its success? Add your report to the many splendid ones that are being received showing the splendid work that is being done by the Adult Department of the M. I. A.

Executive Messages

Continued from page 305

The Pageant "Washington Returns," prepared by the Congressional Bicentennial Commission was included in the material sent to Stake Superintendents from Washington to be distributed to Wards.

Walls of Fort Deseret

The Pageant is divided into four episodes with a prelude and a postlude. It can be presented in an elaborate or a simple manner. Either one of the episodes could be taken separately if desired and the whole Pageant simplified as to number of people participating and scenes presented.

If thought advisable the Pageant could be presented on a Stake basis, various Wards assigned to do an episode or certain scenes of an episode.

The Pageant depicts the scenes of Washington's life from youth to old age. Episode I—Youth and Adventure—is founded on Washington's love of adventure. Episode II—The Man and Home—reveals the romantic and home-loving side of Washington's nature. Episode III—The General and Fame—is founded on the period in history that brought fame to Washington. Episode IV—The Statesman and Immortality—depicts Washington's triumphal journey to the Presidency and the closing scenes of his great life.

We suggest that a determined effort be made to present the Pageant creditably either on a Ward or a Stake basis.

M Men Messages

Ogden Again to Conduct the Interdivision Basketball Tournament

BY reason of the fact that the Ogden M Men conducted the interdivision basket ball tournament last year with such success it has been decided to allow them to conduct it again this year.

Plans are going forward for another big tournament to be held at the Weber Gymnasium on the nights of March 10th, 11th and 12th. Representatives from practically every ward in the Church will be there to compete for the championship. Gold Basket Ball Watch Fobs will be awarded to the winner and silver Basket Ball Watch Fobs for the runners-up.

Last year at Ogden the Weber Gym was packed every night and saw some of the finest competition in basket ball that has ever been witnessed in the state. This year promises to be even better and the basket ball fans of this state will undoubtedly move into Ogden to see this fine tournament.

The fourth Ward in Ogden were the winners last year and Lincoln Ward of Salt Lake City were the runners-up.

Carl Lindquist and his committee will be the director of this tournament under the supervision of the M Men Committee of the General Board.

Gleaner Girls

Course of Study

FOR the month of March, Discussions 13, 14 and 15 of the History of the Church, Chapters 32 to 40 inclusive, p. 200-245 of the Gleaner Manual will be given. The following references are suggested:

Incidents of historical interest in the life of President John Taylor—see life of "John Taylor" by B. H. Roberts; "The Heart of Mormonism," p. 123-126, 289-290, 391, 410; "Essentials in Church Hsitory," p. 380, 383, 483, 575, 601, 602. Edmunds-Tucker law and persecution of the Saints, "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," p. 502-512; "Essentials in Church History," p. 592-602. The Year of Jubilee, "Essentials in Church History," p. 587-588. Incidents in the life of President Wilford Woodruff, "Heart of Mormonism," p. 126-131, 227-230; "Leaves from My Journal," by President Wilford Woodruff; see life of "Wilford Woodruff," by M. F. Cowley; "Essentials in Church History," p. 614. The Manifesto, "Essentials in Church History," p. 606-609; life of "Wilford Woodruff," p. 569-572. Statehood for Utah, "Essentials in Church History," p. 612-613. Pioneer Jubilee, "Essentials in Church History," p. 613. Our "Temples," "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," p. 525; "Essentials in Church History," Salt Lake Temple: p. 454, 481, 482, 610; Kirtland: 153, 188, 190; Nauvoo: 302, 303, 308, 310, 340, 400; St. George: 563; Logan: 590; Manti: 604; Hawaiian: 639. Incidents in the life of Lorenzo Snow, "Essentials in Church History," p. 472, 483, 615, 616, 621. The Law of Tithing, "Essentials in Church History," p. 619. The Japanese Mission, "Essentials in Church History," p. 621.

Project

WE hope ward Gleaner leaders have commenced their ward "Treasures of Truth" books and that they are placing in them choice "treasures" from the girls' books. They will select outstanding stories of how the Gospel message was received; faith promoting testimonies and incidents which quicken faith and make us more appreciative of the gifts and blessings of the Gospel; the blessing of service in the mission field; a story of local history of some place which is of interest to every Gleaner girl; a beautiful poem of a Gleaner girl; and similar experiences, incidents, stories and truths which have as their background the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The ward books should be fully compiled by May 1st, on which date the stake Gleaner leaders will commence compiling contributions from the ward books for their stake "Treasures of Truth" book. Stake Gleaner leaders will send not later than May 15th, contributions from the stake books to make up the General book to be compiled at the General Board Office.

Three books of instruction have been prepared by us for use of class leaders in carrying forward the project. One of these books will be kept permanently at the General Board Office for the use of class leaders in Salt Lake City and nearby stakes. To other stake leaders in need of assistance, a copy of the book will be sent upon request to the General Board Office. We desire that as many stakes as possible have the benefit of these helps and suggestions and therefore request that the books be kept not longer than one week in each stake.

It is of value to know that a coat of shellac given to "Treasures of Truth" book covers will help preserve them.

For the month of March the Project evening will be devoted to a journey into the past, for customs, mementoes, clothing and keepsakes will be considered. (See Gleaner Manual, p. 18.) Search in your homes and you will be surprised how many real treasures you will find which are cherished and which have been put away for safe keeping. Let us list and number our keepsakes and mementoes, giving a clear description of each, so that those who follow after us may know their history and value. Include the history of family heirlooms, brass candlesticks, daguerrotypes and portraits. Give a description of the customs of the long ago clothing worn, styles of hair dressing; home furnishings. Tell of autograph albums, wax flowers, rag carpets, straw ticks and feather beds. Give an account of caring for milk and churning; cooking in an old-fashioned fireplace or bake oven; molding candles; making soap; knitting socks; carding and dyeing wool.

From a "Treasure of Truth" book we give below a story of some little blue slippers, now a valued keepsake.

"My Little Blue Slippers"

"Exceedingly dear among my treasures is a pair of little blue slippers which, because of occurrences incident to my first possession of them, have grown to be almost a symbol of the better life.

When just a tot of ten years, in answer to a genuine longing, I was privileged to take part in an exhibition given by my dancing class. That this truly great occasion in my life might be properly adorned my dear mother provided for me a blue silk dress with hose and slippers to match.

I was especially proud of my new attire and especially was I proud that the slippers matched the dress which was a rather unusual thing at that time. In my great pride I showed things to a near relative who to my amazement told me that too many nice things would make me vain and that the Lord was not pleased with vain people.

This new thought greatly excited my childish mind and heart and I straightway sought a confidential chat with my mother. She told me that circumspect and ladylike conduct would always awaken the respect of my companions and my Heavenly Father too. Further she informed me that the Lord was pleased to have His children use the bounties of the earth for food and also for raiment as he revealed in Section 59 of the Doc. and Cov.

He there gives us the key. We should not be lovers of beautification more than lovers of goodness and virtue; but He does indicate His approval of moderate and proper adornment of the person that life might thereby be made more beautiful.

At the time I was greatly impressed and gratified by my talk with my mother from which I learned this great fact of truth. Since that day the little blue slippers have become ever increasingly dear to me. They symbolize the thought that our Heavenly Father is pleased to have His children enjoy and possess the good things of life, provided of course, that their love of Him, the Giver, is never superseded by a love of the gifts."

M Men-Gleaners

"Table and Dinner Etiquette" is the suggestive joint program for the month of March. Refer to the notes in the February Era for helps in connection with this program.

For the first Tuesday in the month of April, the suggestive program is "Courtship and Marriage, and Weddings." (See M Men Manual, p. 141; Gleaner Manual, p. 25.) Reference given is "The Right Thing At All Times," pp. 99-109; 110-125. Chapters 17 and 18 of the Gleaner Reading Course Book, "Singing in the Rain," give some beautiful thoughts in connection with marriage.

Henry Drummond says love is "the greatest thing in the world." Love is the foundation on which lasting happiness in courtship and marriage is built.

"Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth not;
Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,
Doth not behave itself unseemly,
Seeketh not her own,
Is not easily provoked,
Thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity,
but rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things, believeth all things,
hopeth all things,
endureth all things."

Marriage is regarded by the Latter-day Saints, as ordained of God and designed to be an eternal relationship of the sexes. It is a solemn agreement which is to extend beyond the grave. Latter-day Saint young men and women have the great and wonderful privilege of being married in the House of the Lord.

It is suggested that this program be spiritualized as much as possible and that our Latter-day Saint ideals be emphasized.

Problems for Discussion

(1) What conduct should be observed by the young man and young lady during courtship?

(2) Is every individual qualified for marriage?

(3) Is a diamond ring essential in a young man plighting his troth? (See pp. 101, 102, "The Right Thing At All Times.")

(4) What blessings and benefits result from a Temple marriage?

(5) What spirit characterizes a Latter-day Saint wedding reception? (See p. 118, "The Right Thing At All Times.")

Junior Girls

Junior Leaders Check Over the Calendar for the Month

FOR April fifth read the notes in the back of the Junior Manual on the travelogue (pp. 94 and 95). Remember the purposes of the travelogue and make it as memorable an occasion as possible. Be prepared in advance. Remember that if you choose those who are really interested in the countries that they represent, the girls cannot help but be interested in their presentations.

Will your class be represented in the Retold Story event on Ward and Stake Honor day? Encourage your girls who are training for this event. Find an opportunity for them to present their stories to their classmates where they have not already done so.

Chapter 18 in "Building a Life" touches on the beauty and meaning of reverence. Junior girls are sympathetic with this subject because they are at an age when they naturally lean towards hero worship and idealism. They may seem thoughtless and irreverent but they are not really so. Ours is the opportunity to help them understand, to help them build higher, to look higher, from their watch towers toward the whole beauty of life. Not hero worship for any boy or girl but for the boy and girl who is a real hero—those who possess the attributes of Godliness. To be princes and princesses is no mean ambition. It means to have a true love for, and a wish to follow, the rules laid down by the Gospel. They were not made to overcome as stumbling blocks, but to guide us over the stumbling places; to help us build so that when our story is completed here, it will be truly beautiful. To take each day, and to see how many of those whom we meet will be made happier because of us, to harm no one, especially ourselves, to do no wrong, is to make that day beautiful and to make ourselves beautiful. That is what it means to love our neighbors as ourselves, and so to love God with all our souls. That is to have reverence and honor. It is not so hard taken each day as the day comes.

A little dramatization has been written by Anna Lewis Evans for use with Chapter 20, "Overcoming the Philistine." Space will not permit its being printed in the Era but a copy may be had on request by anyone who wishes it by writing to the Y. L. M. I. A. Office, 33 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

The Junior department conducted a very successful session at the Leadership Week held at the B. Y. U., Provo, the last week in January.

The dramatization above referred to was delightfully presented by Junior girls from Utah stake.

The Project was illustrated by a dramatization and was discussed by the department.

A delightful picturesque presentation of the travelogue was made by Miss Ora Lewis, in costume. (Mexico—song and story.)

The Spring Festival and the Question Box were mentioned briefly. A sample Question Box was shown and mimeographed material on the Festival was passed out. (This material may be had by writing to the Y. L. M. I. A. General Office.)

Vanguards-Scouts

WORD comes to us from Scout Executive S. Dilworth Young of the Ogden Gateway Council, that every ward in North Davis Stake has registered a troop of Vanguards through his office at National Headquarters with the exception of one ward which is too small for a troop. This ward, however, has a small class of Vanguards who are registered with a troop of Boy Scouts at National Headquarters.

This is the first stake of which we have knowledge, in which the Vanguards of every ward are registered nationally.

Four in a Family

GEORGE T. THOMPSON, the father of three Boy Scouts, is an Eagle Scout and the Scoutmaster of the boys. Carlyle was the first of the boys to receive the rank and has just returned from the California mission. Heber, the second of the boys, has just left for the Texas mission. Horace, the youngest of the boys, received his rank this month. Another of the Thompson family, Emma, is at present in the California mission. A testimonial was recently held here to honor the family. Mrs. Thompson is engaged in primary work and especially interested in the Trail Builder program. We have heard of no previous record wherein the father and his three sons are Eagle Scouts and the father the Scoutmaster of the troop. (See April *Era* for their pictures).

Bee-Hive Girls

IN line with the quotation used in Guide XXV—"One book read is worth a dozen looked at"—it is interesting to note a discussion by the editor of An Old Fogy's Inglenook, in *Valve World* for January, 1930. He comments on the opinion of a certain professor in an eastern college who advocates "rapid reading." Apparently the professor has gone into the subject mathematically for he recommends a definite number of words per year as the proper quantity for each person to read.

The editor takes issue with the idea. He prefers to be more selective in his reading, to spend more time in reflection, even to neglect to read anything at all on some days. After naming the reasons, in a general way, why we read he comments on his preference; compares reading to taking a walk. Evidently this editor knows how to take a walk, and enjoy it. He would save time by hurrying along some sections of the way, but he would loiter where there are interesting sights to be seen—the flowers, clouds, hill tops and the lakes; and enjoyable sounds to be heard—the song of the birds at twilight or the murmur of the brook—where there is joy to be had and pleasant memories to be stored away; and even he would "throw himself at full length on a bank of moss and just dream." Can you vision how he reads? Do you thrill at such feeling? Never would he value the walk by the number of steps he traveled.

Then again, he compares reading to prospecting for gold, and he finds "veins" and "nuggets" because he is looking for them, and thus is he paid for the effort expended in his reading; and he finds hidden treasures of knowledge also through conscientious use of the dictionary; all of which would probably be missed were he to concentrate on "quantity" reading.

A certain young lady who was particularly interested in literature said that she had several note books full of clever and musical phrases culled while reading or listening to speeches and discussions. These were her nuggets and gems, and she used them in her writings and speaking.

The editor speaks of savoring your reading as you would savor food; of keeping your "inner ear" attuned lest some of the music be missed; and of pausing frequently to consider and to catch the play of fancy of the writer.

And so his measure of attainment through reading is quality and not quantity; the quality to include: careful selection of the material to be read; expenditure of time sufficient to allow reading rather than a skimming through; alertness of mind to recognize the beauties presented; meditation frequent enough to weigh values and file the worthwhile; gratitude for the offering of the writer; and appreciation of real accomplishment.

When we have done all this and then added the service of teaching it to others, surely our joy will be commensurate with our diligence.

Calendar

April 5:
- Nymphs—Guide XXVI, First Aid.
- Builders—Guide XXV, Open (Assignment for next week).
- Gatherers—Guide XXV, Reading.

April 12:
- Nymphs—Guide XXVII, Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls (Trees).
- Builders—Guide XXVI, Beauty of Person.
- Gatherers—Guide XXVI, Feel Joy.

April 19:
- Nymphs—Guide XXVIII, Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls (Shrubs and Flowers).
- Builders—Guide XXVII, Scrap Books.
- Gatherers—Guide XXVII, Bee Keeper's Service.

April 26:
- Nymphs—Guide XXIX, Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls (Birds).
- Builders—Optional.
- Gatherers—Optional.
- XXVI Beauty of Person—An article in the January, 1932, Ladies Home Journal, "Are You Graceful or Awkward?" and one in the November, 1931 issue of the same magazine should give some real help on this guide, and also in filling cells on posture, care of feet, etc.
- XXV Reading—See article on this page.

May:
- Nymphs—Guide XXX, Spirit of Hive and Spirit of Religion; Guide XXXI, Spirit of Religion; Guide XXXII, Church Organization.
- Builders—Guide XXVIII, Open.
- Gatherers—Guide XXVIII, Social.

For Builders and Gatherers

The last Tuesday in April is left open so that any uncompleted Guides may be finished. If you are up to date, review some lesson which was particularly interesting, or specially helpful to the girls. May will be "check up" and "finish up" month.

Tests—See Bee Keepers Book, pp. 7 and 195. A sample list of questions for use in giving tests will be furnished by the General Board office upon request upon receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope. The final tests for completion of rank should perhaps be held in May. Make your preparations and assignments early enough.

Contest—There is one contest event recommended by the General Board for the Bee-Hive Department—a Bee-Hive song to be designated by the Stake Bee-Keeper, preferably "The Spirit of the Hive." The contest is to be carried only as far as the Stake. The event may be given in connection with those of the other Departments, or on Swarm Day, or any opportune time selected by the officers in charge of contests in your stake or ward.

Invitation — The Bee-Hive committee would very much appreciate an expression from you as to whether the notes in the Era have helped you in your leadership. Are they the kind you need, and do you want them continued?

Wind

Continued from page 273

It was a verse—

Oh, God, I want to feel
Your breath upon my heart—
I want to feel it wash me clean and white—
Bring down your *wind* to me
And make me ready for the night.

JEANIE stood motionless, the little stanza crushed in her hand. She wanted to cry at his groping attempt to express his appreciation for a thing that was beautiful to him. She had never really understood him until now.

She heard the clank of the harness as Seth drove the horses up to the trough and running to the window, she saw him, his head thrown back, his throat bare to the wind.

"He loves it, she cried. "Oh, why couldn't I see it? He makes it seem friendly."

SHE went to him and took his hand. "It's wonderful!", she whispered, turning her face up to the caresses of the wind.

"Then you feel it, too?" he asked incredulously, breathlessly. She nodded. It seemed to her that they were closer than they had ever been—and standing watching the evening sky, her hair blowing back from her face, she found the wind had lost its menace.

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KNIGHT

Spring Canyon

AND

ROYAL

Coals

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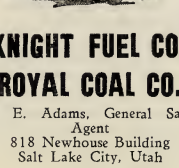

KNIGHT FUEL CO.
ROYAL COAL CO.

L. E. Adams, General Sales Agent
818 Newhouse Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

M.I.A. Accomplishments, December, 1931

	No. Wards in Stake	No. Reporting	No. Wards functioning in increasing memberships		No. Wards whose average attendance was more of their enrollment.		No. Wards having completed class discussion and activities to date		No. Wards having secured Era quota	No. Wards having held Sunday Joint meeting	No. Wards having used Era Program	No. Wards having conducted Christmas Ball
		YM	YL	YM	YL	YM	YL	YM	YL			
Alberta	10	6	9	5	8	5	4	6	6	6	8	7
Alpine	6	5	6	3	6	1	3	4	5	2	5	5
Bannock	9	....	9	....	6	....	4	....	4	1	7	4
Bear Lake	11	10	....	5	....	2	....	5	....	5	8	6
Bear River	12	12	12	12	9	10	7	5	10	....	12	8
Benson	14	8	14	8	10	8	9	8	10	2	13	10
Beaver	5	....	4	....	3	....	1	....	3	....	4	2
Big Horn	6	....	6	....	4	....	4	....	3	4	6	4
Blackfoot	14	7	12	5	12	4	11	3	9	1	12	10
Blaine	7	4	5	3	5	2	2	1	4	2	2	....
Boxelder	13	....	13	....	13	....	11	....	13	6	13	8
Cache	8	7	8	7	7	3	6	6	8	7	6	5
Carbon	9	....	8	....	5	....	5	....	5	3	7	2
Cassia	5	....	4	....	....	....	2	....	2	....	....	1
Cottonwood	10	....	10	....	....	....	7	....	8	....	10	3
Curlew	6	3	....	3	....	3	....	3	....	1	....	3
Deseret	12	....	8	....	4	....	4	....	8	....	6	....
Duchesne	11	....	6	....	3	....	5	....	4	....	6	4
East Jordan	11	8	11	8	9	6	5	6	9	3	11	5
Emery	11	3	8	3	6	....	4	2	6	1	5	4
Ensign	8	....	8	....	5	....	4	....	8	4	7	*
Franklin	11	....	10	....	8	....	9	....	9	9	10	5
Fremont	14	14	14	13	10	8	9	10	13	3	14	10
Garfield	8	7	6	6	4	5	5	6	5	2	6	5
Granite	10	....	10	....	9	....	4	....	7	1	9	3
Grant	14	....	12	....	10	....	8	....	9	....	12	7
Gunnison	7	....	6	....	5	....	5	....	5	1	6	1
Hollywood	14	....	13	....	6	....	3	....	11	5	13	11
Idaho	9	2	5	2	5	1	5	2	5	1	6	6
Idaho Falls	12	12	12	10	10	3	6	9	11	3	12	10
Juab	5	....	5	....	5	....	4	....	5	....	....	....
Juarez	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	5	5
Kanab	7	7	5	5	2	7	3	5	5	4	5	5
Kolob	5	....	5	....	2	....	2	....	5	3	5	4
Lethbridge	9	5	....	4	....	3	....	3	....	1	5	3
Lehi	7	4	6	3	6	3	5	4	5	5	5	4
Liberty	12	....	12	....	7	....	10	....	10	3	11	6
Logan	11	11	11	10	11	9	7	10	10	9	11	8
Los Angeles	11	11	9	5	6	5	7	9	6	1	9	9
Lost River	5	....	3	....	3	....	2	....	3	2	2	....
Lyman	7	3	....	3	....	3	3	....	3	2	3	3
Malad	9	8	8	5	6	3	5	5	4	1	7	7
Millard	6	....	5	....	5	....	5	....	4	....	5	5
Minidoka	8	3	4	2	4	2	3	3	1	....	2	4
Moapa	9	7	8	3	8	4	7	4	5	7	3	8
Montpelier	14	....	12	....	4	....	7	....	11	7	5	10
Moroni	5	....	5	....	5	....	4	....	5	....	4	5
Mt. Ogden	8	6	....	5	....	4	....	6	2	2	4	3
Nevada	7	5	6	4	3	2	5	2	1	3	....	2
North Sanpete	5	....	5	....	3	....	3	....	5	....	5	4
North Sevier	4	....	3	....	2	....	3	....	3	....	2	1
North Weber	14	....	10	....	4	....	7	....	8	2	6	....
Ogden	12	8	12	6	11	3	10	8	12	5	9	....
Oneida	11	11	11	10	6	3	8	8	7	7	9	2
Oquirrh	6	5	6	4	6	4	6	4	6	....	5	4
Palmyra	9	....	9	....	7	....	7	....	8	6	9	....
Panguitch	6	5	3	5	3	4	2	3	3	1	3	1
Parowan	11	....	8	....	6	....	5	....	7	....	4	4
Pioneer	11	....	8	....	6	....	5	....	6	2	4	....
Pocatello	10	....	9	....	5	....	6	....	8	6	6	1
Portneuf	8	6	5	4	3	3	2	5	5	4	3	3
Raft River	6	6	5	5	3	3	1	4	3	2	....	2
Rigby	13	12	6	10	4	7	5	8	4	2	4	....
St. George	9	....	5	....	3	....	3	....	5	4	3	2
Shelley	9	5	....	4	....	2	....	4	....	2	....	2
Snowflake	7	....	5	....	1	....	1	....	4	2	2	....
South Davis	8	....	7	....	6	....	7	....	6	6	4	1
South Sevier	8	6	8	5	7	2	8	4	7	4	2	2
Star Valley	11	....	9	....	5	....	5	....	5	4	6	....
Summit	13	....	2	....	2	....	2	....	2	....	1	....
Sharon	7	7	5	5	4	3	5	6	5	2	5	....
Salt Lake	13	....	12	....	6	....	6	....	10	2	5	4
San Juan	3	3	....	2	3	3	2	3	2	....	2	....
San Luis	4	....	4	....	2	....	1	....	2	....	2	....
Sevier	8	5	8	5	6	4	7	5	7	1	4	2
St. Johns	6	7	4	5	2	2	2	4	2	2	2	....
Taylor	6	....	6	....	4	....	4	....	4	5	4	2
Tooele	10	5	8	5	7	3	5	2	5	....	5	1
Twin Falls	4	....	3	....	2	....	1	....	3	....	....	....
Uintah	9	6	9	5	9	4	9	5	5	4	7	....
Union	6	....	6	....	4	....	2	....	4	5	4	3
Utah	9	8	9	5	7	7	6	8	8	8	9	6
Wasatch	9	6	8	4	7	3	7	3	4	2	....	....
Wayne	7	....	6	....	3	....	4	....	6	....	1	2
Weber	9	9	9	8	7	6	8	7	7	1	6	2
West Jordan	8	7	6	5	5	4	4	2	6	2	6	1
Woodruff	5	....	2	....	2	....	2	....	2	2	3	1
Yellowstone	10	....	8	4	6	2	6	5	7	4	4	2
Zion Park	6	4	4	3	4	3	3	2	4	4	3	2
California Mission	42	....	31	....	16	....	14	....	26	....	10	11
Canadian Mission	8	....	7	....	2	....	5	....	1	....	1	....

	No. Wards having completed courses during half-hour activity period in:					
	Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Speaking	Story Telling	
Alberta	4	1	3	3	4	8
Alpine	6	5	6	5	5	6
Bannock	6	1	1	....	....	9
Bear Lake	5	2	2	....	4	8
Bear River	7	1	7	3	3	12
Benson	8	5	7	....	2	13
Beaver	4	2	2	1	1	4
Big Horn	1	4	2	....	2	6
Blackfoot	7	2	6	....	2	12
Blaine	2	3	2	2	2	2
Boxelder	10	6	5	6	6	13
Cache	5	3	4	3	3	7
Carbon	3	1	3	2	1	6
Cassia	....	....	1	....	....	....
Cottonwood	10	2	8	....	1	10
Curlew	2	....	1	....	....	2
Deseret	4	1	4	....	1	6
Duchesne	3	3	4	4	5	6
East Jordan	3	7	3	5	1	11
Emery	....	2	2	2	3	5
Ensign	6	6	7	4	4	7
Franklin	4	3	6	4	....	10
Fremont	6	3	6	1	2	14
Garfield	2	1	1	2	2	6
Granite	9	1	6	....	....	9
Grant	8	8	7	4	4	12
Gunnison	4	....	2	....	2	6
Hollywood	5	8	8	....	1	13
Idaho	3	2	3	3	3	6
Idaho Falls	8	5	1	2	2	12
Juab	....	....	....	....	....	....
Juarez	1	4	2	2	2	5
Kanab	1	3	2	1	....	5
Kolob	3	5	....	3	1	....
Lethbridge	1	1	....	1	....	5
Lehi	5	5	6	4	3	5
Liberty	3	9	5	10	2	....
Logan	4	9	7	2	5	11
Los Angeles	1	5	2	5	4	4
Lost River	2	2	2	1	....	2
Lyman	....	....	....	2	1	3
Malad	4	1	1	1	....	7
Millard	....	4	....	1	5	....
Minidoka	2	2	2	3	2	4
Moapa	3	1	1	3	1	8
Montpelier	5	2	6	3	2	10
Moroni	4	1	3	1	....	5
Mt. Ogden	3	2	....	2	5	6
Nevada	2	2	1	2	....	5
North Sanpete	4	4	3	2	5	3
North Sevier	1	1	1	2	3	3
North Weber	5	1	1	1	10	9
Ogden	8	....	1	....	12	10
Oneida	8	1	1	5	10	10
Oquirrh	5	4	3	5	4	6
Palmyra	9	....	9	....	....	8
Panguitch	3	1	3	1	1	3
Parowan	4	4	4	2	3	7
Pioneer	6	2	4	2	2	8
Pocatello	6	1	3	2	1	8
Portneuf	4	3	3	1	....	5
Raft River	2	2	1	1	5	5
Rigby	4	....	1	2	1	6
St. George	3	2	1	2	5	4
Shelley	2	....	2	2	2	5
Snowflake	2	2	....	1	2	5
South Davis	4	1	3	1	3	7
South Sevier	2	3	4	4	8	8
Star Valley	4	6	....	3	....	8
Summit	1	....	....	....	....	2
Sharon	5	....	5	....	5	....
Salt Lake	5	4	4	4	5	13
San Juan	2	....	2	3	3	3
San Luis	2	....	3	1	....	4
Sevier	4	2	1	2	3	8
St. Johns	2	2	....	2	....	2
Taylor	4	2	5	3	4	6
Tooele	5	1	3	....	....	7
Twin Falls	....	....	....	....	....	3
Uintah	7	....	3	....	....	9
Union	4	3	3	* 2	....	5
Utah	8	9	6	5	....	9
Wasatch	....	....	....	....	....	7
Wayne	3	3	3	3	6	3
Weber	7	1	6	2	4	1
West Jordan	6	1	3	2	4	6
Woodruff	2	3	1	2	....	2
Yellowstone	4	2	1	1	....	8
Zion Park	3	2	1	....	2	4
California Mission	10	11	5	10	8	29
Canadian Mission	1	....	1	1	1	6

A Guest in the Home

Continued from page 279

vited. The recipient should appreciate the invitation fully, and answer promptly, with gratitude *expressed*—it is rude to fail to show pleasure when you are asked to share the home of a friend.

No one should ever make a visit uninvited. If you have an intimate friend or a relative at whose home you are assured that there is "always a place for you," good form still demands that you give your prospective hostess notice of your intended visit. Surprise visits are never in good taste. The unannounced guest may find the hostess ill—other guests in the home, or definite household plans which make their unexpected appearance difficult for all concerned. With our ever ready telephone, telegraph and air mail service there is no excuse for the guest who fails to send word of his intended visit. This does not apply to the guest who drops in unexpectedly for a few hours. We should all live the best we can each day, and should a friend drop in we should be able to put another plate on the table and welcome him to our daily fare. But a house guest is quite a different matter. Arrangements must be made that will fit another person into the household. The spare room must be put in order, fresh linen on the bed—closets and dresser drawers emptied in order that the guest may have a place for his belongings, and the host and hostess need time to plan their work ahead so that they may have leisure hours to spend with their guest.

Children Are Hosts

IT is absolutely necessary that children be made to feel that they too are hosts to the guest in their home. This doesn't mean that they are to be featured or used as a source of entertainment, nor does it mean that they are to be treated carelessly and pushed aside as an inconvenience.

The modern child when seen is also heard, which is all very well providing he isn't petted and spoiled to the point where he wants to be at all times the center of attraction. Naughtiness in the presence of guests is usually the result of the child feeling that he is being pushed aside, and in his effort to attract attention he does the rude, unexpected thing. Parents realizing that the child's behaviour is a reflection of their efficiency, unconsciously keep a critical eye on children when guests are present. One small boy who was sharply checked in the presence of guests for doing a thing that had many times gone unnoticed, quickly retorted with, "Mother, you act something terrible whenever we have company."

It may be necessary to correct a child in the presence of guests, but meting out the penalty or punishment should be deferred until the parent can be alone with the child. *Children are persons* and like adults instinctively resent an injury to their dignity. The child may cause the parent to be ashamed, but there is a vast difference between being *ashamed* and *shamed*.

"Grown ups" should never make children feel that their presence is a bar to conversation. There are many subjects that cannot be discussed before children, but adults show ill breeding and make children feel ill at ease when they attempt to talk over their heads or spell words out. Do we not teach children that it is impolite to whisper in company?

Duties of Guests

THE first duty of a guest is to make himself comfortable in the quarters allotted to him. His second duty is to ascertain the general routine of the household and then fall promptly into the schedule. "When in Rome," or in the home of a friend we accept their ways. And if a guest would keep his hostess from being "twice glad" when he leaves, he will be prompt at meals and eat whatever good wholesome food is placed before him. The guest who takes one taste of any dish served to him and then puts down his fork is being very rude—he should eat a portion of it whether he likes it or not. He should also remember that self-discipline is good for one.

A guest brings with him all the personal things that are necessary for his comfort—he does not borrow from his host. He also brings stamps and stationery, if he has need of them, and reading material —as he must expect to entertain himself a part of the time.

While the host and hostess strive to make their guest feel that he is

Pleasures

PLEASURES

are invariably enjoyed by those who have won in the game of Business.

The Better* things in life come through *Business Success.

Whatever your plans for the future may be, your aspiration for happiness is paramount. While some may desire clubs, travel and the theatre, others cherish the thought of a home, fine books, art and leisure hours. Your fondest dreams are the better things of life.

The realization of these ambitions rarely comes through wishing and luck. Invariably it is the reward for success in business. Ask the man or woman whose happiness you envy.

It is your duty to yourself now to consider seriously the value of a recognized business training. Remember, business today is fascinatingly fast, keen and exacting in its requirements. There is neither room nor time for green hands.

Since 1890 L. D. S. College has been equipping young men and women for successful business careers. Today, more so than ever, exacting employees recognize the ability of L. D. S. graduates to master the situations that arise with the finesse that means success.

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"one of the family" they are anxious that he share only the happy comfortable side, he therefore never intrudes in family affairs. He does not suggest different ways of managing the household or of rearing the children, but accepts the home life as it is.

The ideal guest is careful to end his visit on the date agreed upon, thereby avoiding the risk of outstaying his welcome. When he leaves, he should take with him the memory of happy days, a renewed friendship, and an urgent invitation to come again.

Beauty in the Home

Continued from page 281

ment which lies opposite it on the color wheel. The complementary color of orange is blue. When complementary colors are mixed they neutralize each other, and when mixed in certain proportions they completely destroy each other and produce a gray or neutrality, but when complementary colors are placed side by side they tend to intensify each other.

The Use of Grayed or Intense Colors

INTENSITY is the attribute of color which expresses the taste and refinement of the home maker. It is important to understand the graying of colors, as grayed colors are used extensively in our interior decorative work. They are softened and subdued and may be used in larger amounts than intense colors. Whenever large quantities of a color are needed for backgrounds, as for a rug, wall paper, or for the painting of the outside of buildings, the color should be dull. Tones of gray and so-called neutral colors—taupe, putty, sand, smoke, buff, etc., make good backgrounds. Reversely as a color increases in intensity it should be used in smaller amounts, as in the table scarf, cushions, and other accessories.

Again we can look to Nature as a guide in the use of intense and grayed colors. Nature seldom uses colors in full intensity, and then only in small amounts, as in flowers, birds, and butterflies. When she does use large masses of strong color they are but temporary. The brilliancy of a field of scarlet poppies, or a hillside covered with russet oaks in autumn are of short duration. The soft hues of the day time sky last for hours, while the intense colors of a beautiful sunset are fleeting.

As a summary, a few brief statements of what everyone should know about colors in order to use them intelligently would include:

1. All colors have three properties or dimensions: hue, value and intensity.
2. Some hues are warm, some are cool. They are often referred to as advancing and receding.
3. Value is the amount of lightness or darkness of a color. If white is added to a color, it becomes lighter in value; if black is added to a hue, the value becomes darker.
4. Intensity is the brightness or dullness of a color; and a color may be made duller by adding some of its complement or gray.

It will be found that analyzing many colors for their correct hue, value and intensity develops skill in matching colors and in identifying them.

A trained color sense is of great importance to everyone, and it can be secured in one way only and that is through exercise. It is the people with trained color sense who live in a large, vast and beautiful world.

Test on Color

Draw a circle around the T if the statement is true; draw a circle around F if the statement is false:

1. T. F. There are three primary colors and from them, all other hues are made.
2. T. F. Red, yellow and green are the three standard colors.
3. T. F. Hue is the name of a color.
4. T. F. Navy blue is high in value.
5. T. F. Powder blue is a grayed blue.
6. T. F. Red-orange is the complement of blue-violet.
7. T. F. Intensity is the amount of brightness or dullness of a color.
8. T. F. Orange, green and violet are the secondary colors.
9. T. F. Color in full intensity should be used in large amounts in a room.
10. T. F. Tones of grayed colors such as taupe, sand and buff make good backgrounds.
11. T. F. A shade of any hue is lighter than middle value.
12. T. F. A tint is darker than middle value.
13. T. F. Brown is a tint of red.
14. T. F. Brown is a shade of orange.
15. T. F. Orange is a cool color.
16. T. F. Blue is a receding color.
17. T. F. A color may be grayed or made duller by mixing with it some of its complementary color.
18. T. F. When two complementary colors are placed side by side each color becomes more intense.

Answers to February Test

No. 1	T	No. 7	F
No. 2	F	No. 8	F
No. 3	T	No. 9	T
No. 4	T	No. 10	F
No. 5	F	No. 11	T
No. 6	T	No. 12	T

A Daughter of Martha

Continued from page 288

jaws—new noses, restored faces. As Gloria folded the letter Claire, with her twisted face passed into the bakery.

The girls were not coming home yet. There was still work for nurses.

"As soon as the children are home, I am going to take a trip back to Africa," declared Gloria to Claire. "I am going to go by airplane and fast boat. I shall see the painted Kafirs, all ready for war, and the slow, plodding women as they wash by the river. I shall see the old trekking wagons, loaded for the interior. I shall buy the chicken coop where I was born. I am going to see the place where my father was killed."

"My, that will cost a lot of money," mused Claire.

"Well, who is there to use the money?" Gloria spoke even quicker than she had intended. "I can use this money now, as I see fit. No one needs shoes. No one is hungry. No one needs education. I've been thinking and planning on how to spend my fortune. I'm going back to old Africa—back where I was born. I shall see Elba again—perhaps by the time I get there, they will have put the Kaiser there to end his days." Claire turned toward her Aunty Glory. Her attempt to smile twisted her face more markedly. "I'll be so glad to tend the bakery while you're gone. I can't bake as nice as you can, but I'll try." As she watched the pathetic face, thoughts far from Africa and chirping monkeys crowded into Gloria's mind. Peter's words kept up an insistent rhythm: "New jaws—new noses—restored faces—money—time—and patience." Why limit the operation to soldiers? Did it make any difference how the accident occurred? Why did Claire's ear persist in twisting downward to her mouth? Why did her cheek pull upward toward the ear?

Airplanes and Africa—Claire and operations.

PETER was coming home. He who had gone away just a big boy was coming home a war-wise surgeon. *Plastic surgery.* His name was creeping into dispatches. Many boys were returning to their families so remade and repaired that the horror of their disfigurement need never be told. Gloria looked at Claire again and put the steamship folders and the "personally conducted tours" into the stove—she telegraphed Peter to wait for her in Rochester.

"Claire, how would you like to go to Rochester with me and meet Peter and have him remake your face? How you would like to go to sleep on an operating table and wake up with a piece of new bone in your jaw, so your face would be smooth and even and *lovely?*"

"But it takes money, Aunty Glory, for things like that."

"Money? What did we get out of the gourds? What is Africa after all? A missionary has been telling me that the Kafirs are all farmers now. They never think of warpaint and shields. The native women have machines to do their washings now. There is a mine hundreds of feet deep, where the chicken coop stood that I was born in. The spot where my father was killed long ago became a part of another mine. Progress—Claire. Life, moving in its irrevocable circle."

Could it be that this tall uniformed man, with thinning hair, whose eyes told volumes that his lips would not utter, was the boy who had struggled against tears at the loss of his first money? Would he do his scientific best to serve the daughter of the man who had taken that money—"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

Peter took the disfigured face of Claire in his hands and turned her to the light. He studied her long and earnestly. "It will take a piece of your tibia, that's your shin bone. It will take months. It will take patience and money. What I know is yours to command."

THEY journeyed back home, the man in civilian clothes, wearing a smile of achievement. The girl with an ear where God had intended it to be and a lip that only moved when she spoke, and a marvelous new glass eye that was so perfect none could detect it. The woman did not see the wide, prosperous fields of the plains, nor the fine bridges over rivers. She was unconscious of the cushioned chair she occupied in the Pullman. She saw only a long immigrant train, drawn by oxen,

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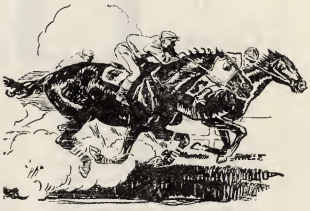

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moving at snail pace over the unchartered roads, fording the unbridged rivers. She saw sand lillies by ant hills, buffalo chip fires, prowling Indians, prayers and taps at night.

By the second Christmas after the war they gathered for a family reunion. Florence was nursing a shell shocked husband back to health. Flora had a brief vacation from a supervisorship in a large hospital. Peter had given his diamond away—he said it was only a loan—that it would eventually return to the family. Nancy bronzed, but happy, Francis wearing his honors modestly. Young Jonas, Nancy's boy, speaking in slow, meticulous English, gazing wide-eyed at his relations. The overly large, plump old lady, who was always looking for a footstool, was much like his nurse.

"There is a roof garden on the house where we live," he announced gravely to his grandmother.

"I had a roof garden too, when I was your age, Jonas," smiled Gloria. "A roof garden of necessity. Sunflowers. The grass hoppers ate it up."

"I follow a carefully balanced diet," continued the serious faced boy whom Gloria wished could lose his reserve and be a carefree child. "I eat whole wheat bread and lots of green stuff."

"I ate whole wheat too, Jonas. Sometimes I can still hear it crack. I ate greens too. Dandelion greens were all I had to eat. The grasshoppers ate everything else."

"When I am older—when I am of age, I am not going to hunt specimens like my father does," announced young Jonas in clear, penetrating tones. "I am coming back to this country. I am going to buy my grandfather's farm. I love to dig, and plant seeds, and pour water and pull weeds, and let things grow. I am going to be a farmer." Gloria smiled. It was like the bronze turkey that hatched a white turkey. Throw backs. Heredity.

AFTER dinner Aunt Catherine picked out the softest rocker and sighed contentedly. It had been a wonderful dinner—with plenty of hot biscuits and cream.

"I'm certainly glad those war rations are over," she smiled contentedly.

"I knew England would win the war," she added. "It took her a long time, and it was a terrible conflict, but she was finally victorious. If only Queen Victoria could have lived, I am sure victory would have come sooner."

"You are going to close your bakery now, Mother," Peter spoke with the authority befitting a successful surgeon. "We are going to put you in a nice, modern apartment. You won't have to bother with coal and ashes. You won't have to be concerned over ice deliveries. Your apartment will be heated. You'll have a little electric refrigerator. You and Claire are to live there in comfort and peace and contentment for the rest of your lives."

"Idle contentment?" bantered Gloria.

"Well, you'll have time to do the things you've always wanted to do," urged Florence. "You can learn to paint—you can take piano lessons—you can learn to sing."

"Spend your money on yourself while you're here to enjoy it," added Flora. "Your children don't need it."

"You may lie abed mornings until you feel like getting up. Then you can push a button, and a maid will bring your breakfast tray."

"With a rose in a cut glass vase," smiled Peter. "Then you'll phone your chauffeur and he'll take you for a ride."

"In the evening you can dine out, and take in a show," added Flora.

"Come to live with us," smiled Nancy. "You and Jonas could have wonderful times. He's too lonesome—I'm so busy helping Francis."

"Ah," sighed Aunt Catherine, "if I had a lovely bakery like this, with cream always in the ice box, I'd never ask for a change."

"I have to work, my children," Gloria knew the inevitable confession could no longer be postponed. "I have spent my money."

"That operation on Claire's face was expensive, I'll admit," said Peter, "but it didn't take thirty thousand dollars. I know that much, Mother."

"I repeat," continued Gloria, "I have to work. Late breakfasts, and roses and maids and cars and chauffeurs don't come just for the asking. Outside of this bakery and the service station, I don't own anything in the world."

THEY looked at her in amazement. Had she fallen prey to some unprincipled investor? Had she kept the money in her store and been robbed? Had she given it away to one of the countless war relief movements?

"You tell, them, Claire," urged Gloria. "Perhaps if you tell it, they may see the purpose for what we did."

"Well," began Claire diffidently, "in the hills behind the Whittman ranch there were lots of sections of land which nobody cared to homestead, because they couldn't be watered. That was at first, when land was plentiful. But when the nicer pieces of land were all taken and people still kept coming there developed "dry farmers." They are still there. Their name is legion. They live there, eking out a pitiful existence, because they have no other place to go. Their children are far from good schools. The roads are poor. Their lives are cramped, poverty-stricken and shut off from the world. They don't have autos, nor radios, nor good foods. Aunty Glory is building a school for them—right there in their own hills."

"They won't have to walk two miles to school through slush like you did, Peter," interrupted Gloria before the children could protest. "What better use could I make of my money than to build a school where books can be had for the asking; where a piano will teach dancing and music, where a child can develop his talents, under the guidance of a capable, sympathetic teacher?" She looked about the little group and Peter made a quick answer.

"That is all very well on paper, Mother, but the modern teacher would not go up there and bury herself. You can't find a girl nowadays who would be willing to follow such a colossal task. That means a life work. Teachers have become globe trotters."

"I have found my teacher," Gloria smiled and all eyes followed hers. She was looking at Claire, blushing prettily. "While the building is being constructed, she will take special training. I will build a little house for her own use, next to the school. I will erect a little chapel. There will be radio and autos. I even think there should be an airplane! It's no use, Florence. A woman of sixty-five cannot learn to sing. My hands would never master a piano. My fingers will never hold a paint brush. It is too late. It is the march of life. Better that I give to those other children while they are still young enough to profit from the gift. They can reap the benefits which I was denied."

Their arguments were without avail. Gloria had already made her arrangements. The "Whittman Endowment Fund" was already established. The plans were drawn. Judge Conrad had made everything legal.

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THEY went back to their homes and their work. Florence took her invalid husband south; Flora returned to her hospital. Peter had a real position awaiting him in the East, also the "loaned diamond," could not be left alone too long. Nancy and Francis and young Jonas returned to South America. The march of science had to go on. Peter sent a radio, the latest he could find. It stood in the store room, next to the glass show case. Aunt Catherine gazed at it in wonderment and delight. When programs began coming from England she hid the little bell that announced customers. Florence sent an electric refrigerator. Gloria sold the old one with a sigh of regret, remembering the countless nights she had stooped to empty the pan. Flora sent an electric stove. Gloria crowded it into the kitchen, between the six hole range and the sink. It was nice, but it did not brown bread enough on the bottom. Also, these modern things were made on too small a scale. It would only hold two pies.

Claire went in training, gloriously happy. Here was a life work for one whose youth had held no promise." "I wonder," she mused on a short visit to the two old ladies, "just what my mother is like. I can dimly remember a book with a yellow cover and a red ribbon around her neck."

"I imagine," smiled Gloria, "that I know where you could get a splendid place to board when you go to the school, if you take a fancy not to live alone. I know two people who live alone, who might be glad to take a good looking young lady to board—just for the company. What do you think about it Claire?"

"I've been thinking of it a lot," replied Claire. "I guess everybody makes mistakes. I guess mother must be changed a lot. I guess two people could be dreadfully lonely in a big house."

DAY in and day out Gloria ran the bakery. Bread and rolls and cakes and pies and cookies. Aunt Catherine came to live—it was so much nicer than at Victoria's. She loved the rustle of the paper bags and the click of the small coins as they fell into the cash box. Customers were regular. Gloria could still work.

She had never had a doctor.

She had never lost a tooth. She had given her children education. Taught them self reliance—attainment through sacrifice. Like all things for which we sacrifice, their educations were priceless.

Short dresses—short hair—short marriages. The world was getting readjusted from the war.

The "Dawn-to-Dusk" flight from New York to San Francisco. Less than thirty hours. And a Utah boy doing it. Gloria hoped his mother could see the gray bird winging westward. She thought of the three months it had taken her people to trek westward from Omaha.

LINDBERGH flying to France. It didn't seem possible that a young man, alone, with a few sandwiches, could dare to set out over the vast expanse of water. It had taken the old sail boat *Henrietta* sixty days to come from Africa to New York. Life pushing, crowding, demanding. Irrevocable circle.

Every night Gloria made yeast and got her kitchen ready for the morning. Every morning she rose at five to mix her breads and rolls and cakes. Every night, just before going to bed, Aunt Catherine padded into the bakery room. She could not let a cream puff spoil.

Every waking hour Gloria worked. She had always worked. She would always work. She was a daughter of Martha.

The End

The Back-Tracker

Continued from page 275

ping on the rope and stopped. Presently the sheep broke from the huddle and marched straight along the side of the ridge. Paddy had taken charge of them, and he wouldn't leave them again. In his canine mind was but one thought—he must stay with the sheep until he was relieved. With the loyalty which recognizes no doubts he knew that sometime Harvey would come back.

His back-tracking training had taught him always to bring the lost bunch into the herd. But now the herd had gone on. It was miles ahead; its tracks were snowed under, and to get back to where

the dog had seen it last would necessitate taking the bunch back in a wide half circle. Paddy's mind was not capable of compassing that. All that was left for him then was to follow along behind the sheep, fend off the marauders of the wild, and see to it that no more splits occurred.

THIS snow that had fallen was only a prelude to the real storms of winter. Let the bunch wander aimlessly in the hills and they would certainly soon be snowed into some pocket and starve. But they were not going aimlessly. Their big shepherd was thinking things out for himself; not with the clear vision of a human, but with a combination of instinct and memory.

He knew that in the fall of the year Harvey had always moved the herd toward the far-away valleys. There was a place there at the mouth of a canyon where the herd rested. There dry, green grass, which Paddy himself liked to chew occasionally, was thrown out to them by Harvey and another man. All that Paddy had to do was march importantly in front of the camp team and bark the crowding ewes back so they wouldn't get run over while the feeding was being done.

It was time, he knew, for the sheep to be back there. Harvey must be there now, and if Harvey wouldn't come back to him, then he must go on to Harvey.

Day followed weary day. He knew nothing of trails, but he did know unerringly that the sheep must be kept moving into the setting sun. He clung grimly to the heels of his little herd. He didn't hurry the sheep. He let them graze when they would. At night he rested with them in some sheltered cove. But always he kept them moving to the west—toward the ranch.

IT was the long nights which were most terrible. At first Paddy gave voice to the wretchedness and loneliness of his existence, but he quickly found that it drew his enemies, the coyotes. They seemed to know his weakness. Night after night they came. He could hear them giving their short, querulous killing cry, a sort of 'Yow! Yow! Yow!" Each note a little lower than the last.

Then out from under a bush

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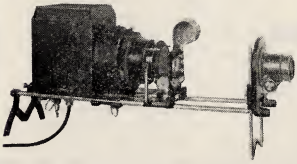

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would charge the big mongrel; teeth bared and hoarse growls rumbling from his chest. Often he came so close to his slippery tormentors that he could almost reach them with his fangs. But they dodged. His foe would pretend to fight. It would snap at him, well beyond reach, and then leap back. Coyotes are far from being as cowardly as claimed. Perhaps the hampering rope about the dog's neck still reminded them of the dog's protector, man. But chiefly their maneuvers had a sinister, tricky purpose.

While one of them tried to toll the big dog away from his charges another would slip in to make the kill. Only once did the trick succeed, and then it was a god-send to Paddy. Like a hurricane he hurled himself upon the killer, drove the snarling beast away and filled his own stomach. That had been only a few days after the beginning of his exile. Thereafter he got no food. His hair grew rough, his flanks gaunt, and his hip bones began to stick up with far too much prominence.

At any time he could have fastened his powerful fangs in the throat of a ewe and secured food. He knew his power, but he knew that it was taboo for dogs to kill sheep. He could have been dying in his tracks and the ewes would have been safe from him.

SOON he was ignoring the impudent challenge of the coyotes except when they actually approached the herd. Then he was upon them with cold ferocity. Once one of them, becoming too bold, failed to dodge in time. The teeth of the big dog clamped down upon a fore-leg and there was a crunching sound of shattered bones as the coyote tipped over. The animal squalled with agony. Paddy turned loose his grip and drove for the throat. He missed that but he ripped an ear. For a minute more he roughed his crippled foe, and then the coyote broke away and fled yelling to the brush with its long bushy tail tucked between its legs.

For nearly a week after that the big dog wasn't bothered by coyotes. The little sheep band had long been out of the mountains. They were moving across the gray, barren foot-hills from which the last herd had departed long since. And always they moved steadily toward the familiar ranch at the mouth of a canyon.

And all the while the big dog grew weaker and more gaunt. Dry grass grew around the brush roots above the light, crusted snow which the sheep could reach, and there was always some brush to be browsed, but there was nothing for Paddy.

No longer, however, was the big dog driving his charges by instinct alone. In the distance he could see the familiar blue hills back of the home ranch. But alas for Paddy! He had traveled by no trail, and at ten o'clock one morning the little band came squarely upon the sheer bank of a roaring river.

The sheep couldn't have crossed the stream if they would. They too, in their bovine way, now sensed that ahead of them lay shelter and food. Yet they only turned and looked back at their escort with dumb inquiry.

A human would have turned back up the river for ten miles to a narrow sheep bridge. But Paddy was only a dog, and his traits were loyalty and devotion rather than reasoning power. By himself he would have swum the river or else gone back up the stream, but the sheep had naturally turned downstream. Poor Paddy was bewildered. There might be a crossing below, but he was unable to make the decision to turn his charges back the other way. He again fell in behind the bunch.

He was now so weak that he dreaded the task of moving from flank to flank of his little band to keep the stragglers in line. The rope he was dragging had long since frayed out until it was intact only where it touched his neck. A few strands three or four feet long still dragged beneath his feet. But still he moved stiffly from side to side of his small herd, nipping the stranglers and keeping them always together.

It had begun to snow; big downy flakes which fell with a sound as soft as a baby's whisper. The ewes wanted to stop, but some inherited trait from his shepherd ancestors warned the dog that they must be kept moving. And it was true. Once they stopped and let the snow pile up around them to the depths of a foot or more they would never move again.

Back and forth the big dog paced. Again and again he pinch-

(*Continued on page* 320)

Breech Clouts *and* HOARDED MONEY

go hand in hand

Consider the scantily clad Hindu . . . symbolic figure of a vastly populous nation—a backward, primitive people who enjoy few of the necessities and luxuries required by our modern standard of living. Yet they dwell in a country of boundless natural resources, immeasurable potential wealth. And they have money, coin of the realm, enough, in fact, to make them one of the richest countries on earth. But they use their money either for ornaments, or they hide it away. The result: a nation of hoarders, a nation of poor.

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ed a straggler above the hock, and for the first time in days he barked. The little band plodded blindly through the snow.

SUDDENLY Paddy scented danger. His ruff stood erect, and uneasy sounds issued from his throat. For the first time since he had been fired at by the new herder he felt real fear. It was a familiar scent he had caught, and yet alien. He sought to make out his enemy, but the snow-filled air was like a curtain.

Then, before he could avert it, the whole bunch of sheep turned back and swarmed madly past him. Right at the heels of the last one came a timber wolf with wide-open, grinning jaws.

No trifling foe this like a sneaking coyote. The wolf knew that the dog was there, but he had rushed in to make his kill regardless.

Not for a moment did Paddy hesitate. With bared fangs he leaped between the threatened ewe and its pursuer. He had one glimpse of the gleaming green eyes of the monster, and then he was bowled over by the superior weight of his antagonist. But even as he fell he saw a huge hind leg within reach of his jaws, and grabbed it.

THE wolf sat down abruptly and whirled with a snarl. His murderous fangs missed Paddy's eye by an inch and left a red trail down the dog's cheek. The wolf jerked loose and both animals sprang to their feet. The wolf circled warily, and Paddy instinctively changed his fighting tactics to match those of his far more powerful foe. He turned only enough to keep his head turned always toward his foe; his body sideways.

In leaped the wolf like a flash of grayish light. Paddy moved, but not quite fast enough. The terrible fangs ripped the flesh of his shoulders to the bone, but he turned with a defiant snarl. Again the marauder circled.

Next time when the wolf sprang Paddy eluded the flashing fangs. Then he ducked for his enemy's fore-leg and missed. The wolf bounded backward; then with a snarl again sprang in to attack. Fang clashed against fang and eye glared into eye. They rose to their hind feet, wrestled a moment, and then Paddy was hurled backward by superior strength. The wolf made a grab for the death hold at the throat, and his fangs encountered the stiff rope around his victim's neck.

The game dog struggled desperately without a whine, but he grew weaker and weaker. The rope alone prevented his adversary from tearing out his throat, but he was slowly but surely being strangled. He had given his best. His gasping attempts to breathe became weaker and weaker.

And then suddenly a loud report beat dimly upon his ears. The grim jaws at his neck slackened. The wolf toppled over beside him, and the blessed cold air rushed back into his tortured lungs. His late foe was gasping horribly now, and its hot, fetid breath came into the dog's face, but Paddy was unable to move.

A minute later Paddy opened his eyes, and his stub of a tail thumped upon the blood-smeared snow. A beloved voice was frantically calling his name. Harvey had come back!

UNASHAMED tears coursed down the herder's cheeks as he gathered the dog into his arms. "You back-tracked 'em, pardner, an' you stuck with 'em through thick an' thin," he marveled. "And I almost missed you. You've saved the sheep, old boy, and far more than that. I reckon you don't know it, but you've saved my poor little kid brother. He didn't die, Paddy, an' now I can send him East for that operation."

Paddy wriggled farther into the master's arms, and his tongue caressed the man's tear-stained cheeks.

"You poor wrack o' bones," Harvey murmured. And again the bitter hate which had been in his heart when he learned from Joe Clement how the man Boggs had driven Paddy from the camp by his brutality almost mastered him. With difficulty then he had conquered the impulse to smash his fist into the man's face. He had let him go however, and set out upon the almost hopeless quest for the lost band of sheep.

FOR three days he had searched, and then given it up as hopeless. That afternoon he had found himself close to the river on a tired horse, and he had decided to go *downstream* to an isolated ranch that was much closer than his own place. Thus, by what had seemed to be pure accident, he had stumbled upon the tracks of the sheep. For had they gone the other way he would surely have missed them.

Then Harvey Hansen began to think, and his rage faded. He recalled the words of his widowed mother when he had started the search.

"You'll find the sheep, Harvey. I *know* you will. Ira *couldn't* have survived this sickness just to be a helpless cripple the rest of his life," she had said.

She was right. The band of destiny had surely guided Paddy, and it had guided him to the dog's rescue when it was so sorely needed. It was not a time for anger, but for thankfulness.

Tenderly the man lifted the injured dog into the saddle in front of him, and started the sheep band on down the river. There was time to get them there before dark, and still have time to come back and get the wolf pelt. The next day he would arrange to get the sheep home.

"If ever I leave you behind again, Paddy, I'll know who I'm leavin' you with," the man promised soberly.

Paddy wriggled weakly but happily. Unlike humans he never worried over the hardships of yesterday. He was supremely content.

The End

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